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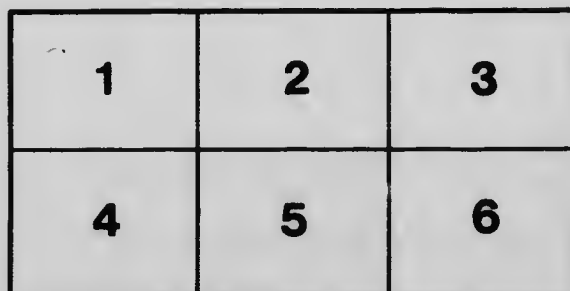
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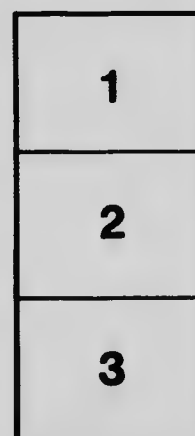
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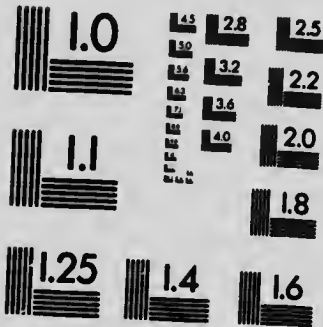
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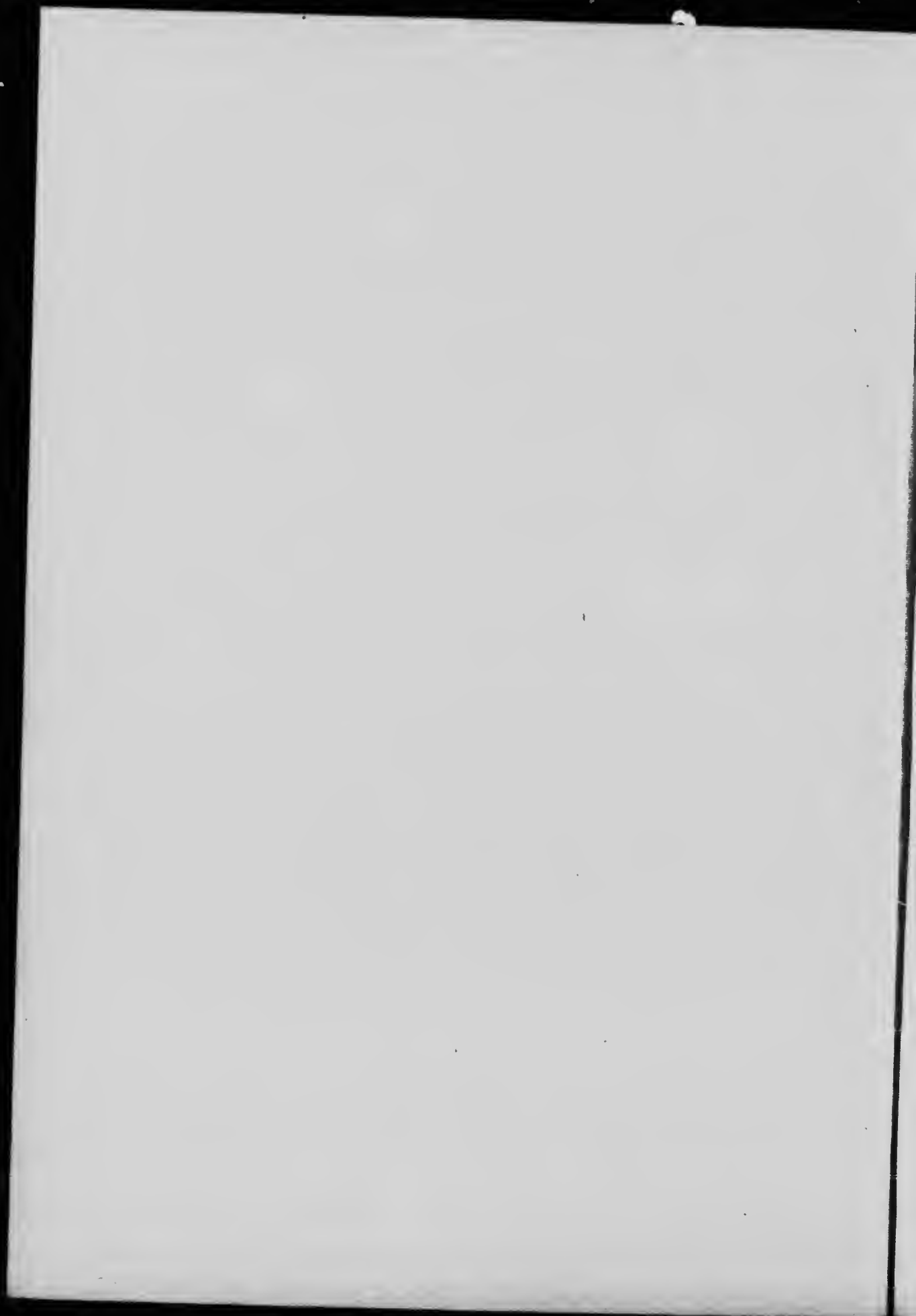
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Stella Grant,

Mt. A. Ladies' College.

Oct. 26, 1911.

(New Glasgow, N.S.).



Mount Allison



Songs

PUBLISHED FOR
THE EURHETORIAN SOCIETY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF MOUNT ALLISON COLLEGE

M1940

M143

10

C.2

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada
in the year MCMVIII
by the Eurhetorian Society of the University of Mount Allison
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PREFACE

The want of a Mount Allison Song Book has long been felt in our college community, but, until the last year or two, during which so many songs have appeared, it seemed impossible to compile a work worthy of that name. In presenting this collection to the loyal sons and daughters of Mount Allison, the committee, on behalf of the Eurhethorian Society, wishes to make a few explanations.

The selection has not been confined to songs composed by Mount Allison men, but includes many of the melodies which have long been familiar at Mount Allison, and which have become so dear to both past and present students.

Among those to whom we are indebted may be especially mentioned Dr. R. C. Archibald, '94, to whose interest and zeal the accomplishment of the task is largely due; Miss Kate Hemming, of the Conservatory staff; and Mr. Roy Hall Wheeler, B.A., '06, whose original songs have formed the nucleus of our collection. Great credit is also due to the committee appointed by the Eurhethorian Society in 1906-07:—Messrs. R. P. Bell, B.A. (Chairman); W. P. Bell, M.A.; H. G. Black, B.A.; W. R. Smith; H. B. Clarke; and Miss G. A. Borden, representative of the Alpha Beta Society. Under its auspices the manuscript was collected, and the present committee has simply carried on the work to completion.

The committee would take this opportunity to thank those who have granted permission for the use of copyright songs. It would also ask pardon of any whose rights may have been infringed. Every effort has been made to trace each song to its source, and if there be any infringement, it has been committed unwittingly. Some songs which many would doubtless expect to see in such a collection are not found here because of difficulties of copyright.

In conclusion, we commend this book to the graduates and friends of Mount Allison in the hope that it may bring back pleasant recollections, tend to foster college spirit, and deepen the love for our Alma Mater.

Committee for the Eurhethorian Society

W. R. SMITH, '08, *Chairman*
W. T. PURDY, '08
I. C. RAND, '09
A. R. REYNOLDS, '10

MOUNT ALLISON
SACKVILLE, N.B., JAN., 1908

The cover design is the work of Mr. W. P. Bell, '04.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our
no - ble King, God save the King. Send him vic -
- to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,
Long to - reign o - ver us, God save the King.

2. Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

A-L-L-I-S-O-N.

1. The shades of night were fall - ing fast, Tra la la Yah!yah!yah! As
 2. His brow was sad, his eye be - neath, Tra la la Yah!yah!yah! Flash!
 3. "O stay," the maid - en said, "and rest Tra la la Yah!yah!yah! Thy

thro' an Al - pine vil - lage pass'd, Tra la la rah! rah! A
 like a faulchion from its sheath, Tra la la rah! rah! And
 wea - ry head up - on this breast!" Tra la la rah! rah! A

rit.
 youth, who bore 'mid snow and ice, A ban - ner with the strange de - vice:
 like a sil - ver clar - ion, rung The ac - cents of that un - known tongue:
 tear stood in his bright blue eye, But still he answered with a sigh:

Chorus.
 A - L - L - I - S - O - N, S - O - N, S - O - N, A - L - L - I - S - O - N,

Fine.

S - O, S - O - N, Yah! yah! yah! A double L - I - S - O - N rah! rah!

A - L - L - I - S - O - N, S - O - N - S - O - N, A - L - L - I - S - O - N, S - O, S - O - N.

4. At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air. — *Cho.*

5. A Traveller, by the faithful hound,
Half buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device. — *Cho.*

WHO'S THE BEST MAN IN THIS TOWN?

Who's the best man in this town? Pres'dent Alli-son, Pres'dent Alli-son.

Who's the best man in this town? Pres'dent Alli-son, Pres'dent Alli-son.

We're some pumpkins, boys, our - selves; We're some pumpkins, We're some pumpkins,

But the best man in — this town is Pres'dent Alli-son, Pres'dent Alli-son.

TOAST SONG.

Words by Winthrop P. Bell '04.

Music by Roy Hall Wheeler '08.

M.M. ♩ = 52.

1. We
2. An

meet a - gain to - night, boys, As oft in the past we've met _____ We
Al - ma Ma - ter toast, boys! Let's drink to her no - ble name. _____ A

drink a - gain to - night, boys, The toasts that we ne'er for -
cheer for old Mount A., boys: Her glo - ry and her

- get _____ Our King, our Coun - try, the girls we love; But of
fame! _____ That name un - tarnish'd, that re - cord grand, That -

all to which we rise— There's none that can fill, With as
 pride with - out a stain;— 'Tis of these we think, And—

ea - ger a thrill, As when some one ri - ses and cries:—
 pledge as we drink, While the hall re - ech - oes a - gain:—

M.M. ♩=48.

Here's to old Mt. A.! Here's to old Mt. A.! Then

Horn. Horn.

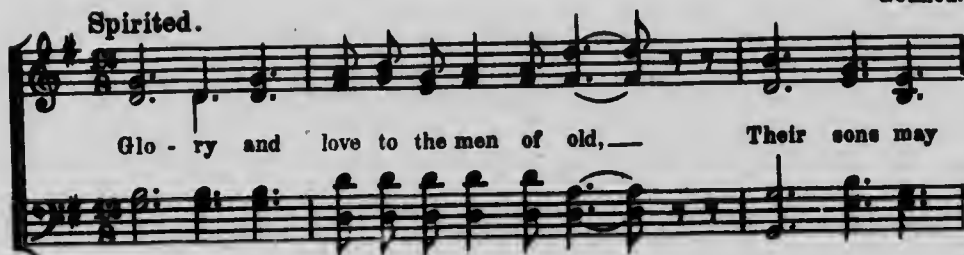
drink with a cheer to her name so dear Ho! fellows, here's to old Mt. A.!

SOLDIERS' CHORUS.

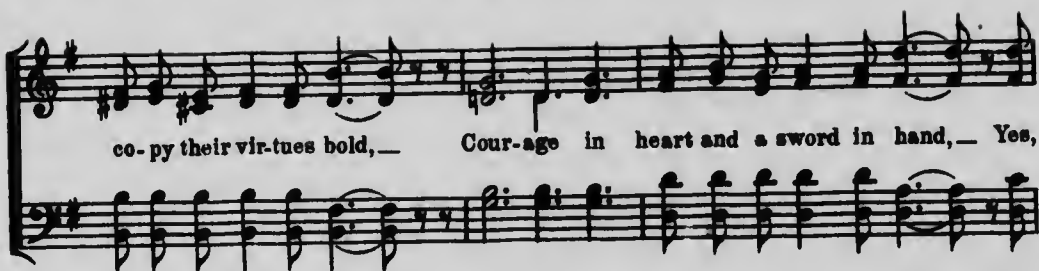
Mixed Voices.

Spirited.

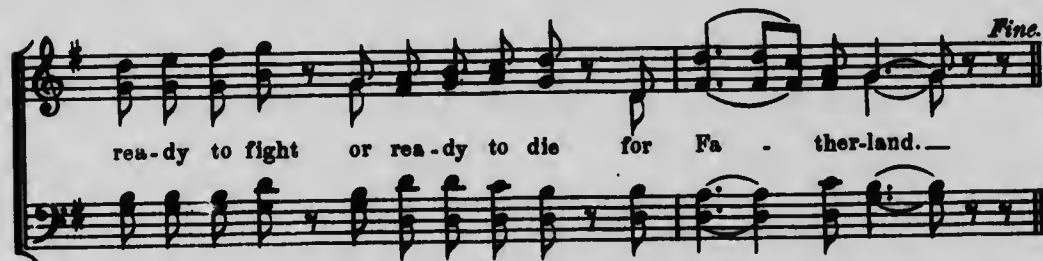
Gounod.



Glo - ry and love to the men of old, — Their sons may



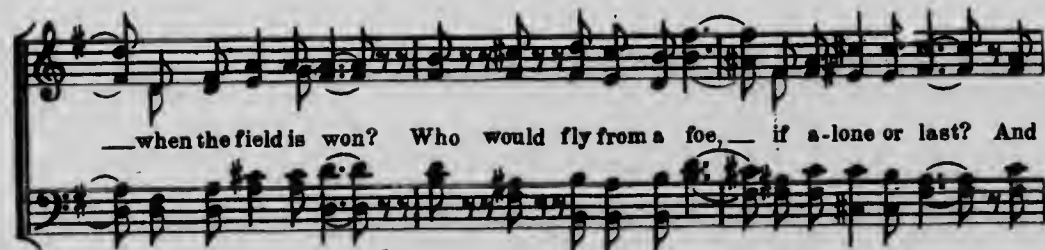
co - py their vir - tues bold, — Cour - age in heart and a sword in hand, — Yes,



rea - dy to fight or rea - dy to die for Fa - ther - land. — *Fine.*



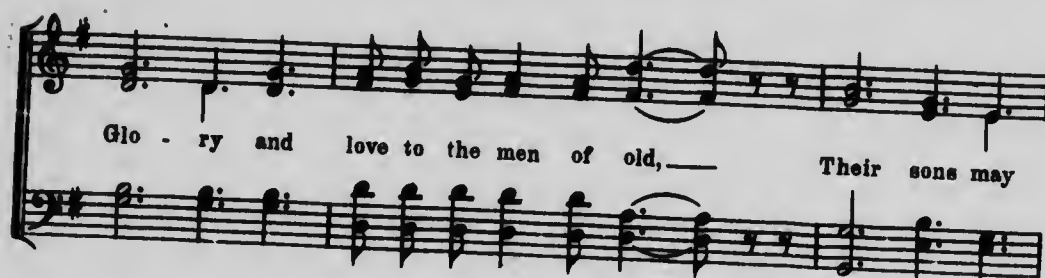
Who needs bidding to dare, — by a trumpet blown? Who lacks pi - ty to spare,



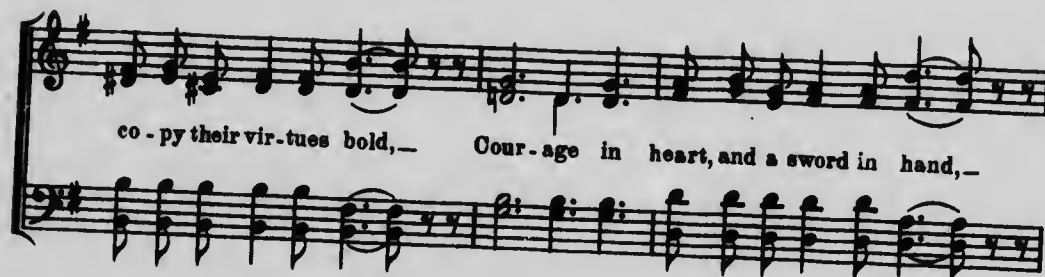
— when the field is won? Who would fly from a foe, — if a - lone or last? And



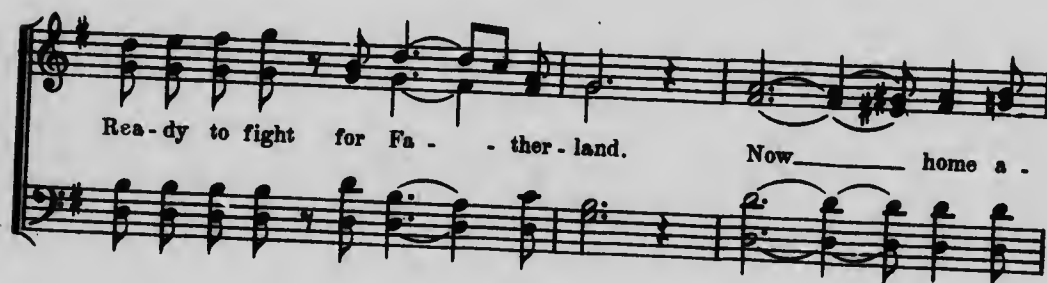
boast he was true, as coward might do, when per - il is past?—



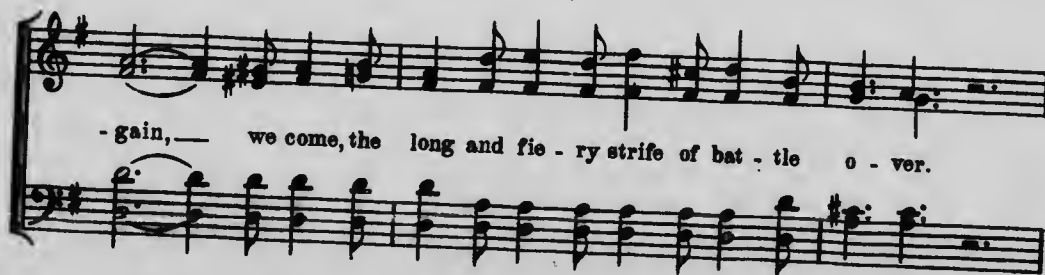
Glo - ry and love to the men of old, — Their sons may



co - py their vir - tues bold, — Cour - age in heart, and a sword in hand, —



Rea - dy to fight for Fa - - ther - land. Now — home a .



- gain, — we come, the long and fie - ry strife of bat - tle o - ver.



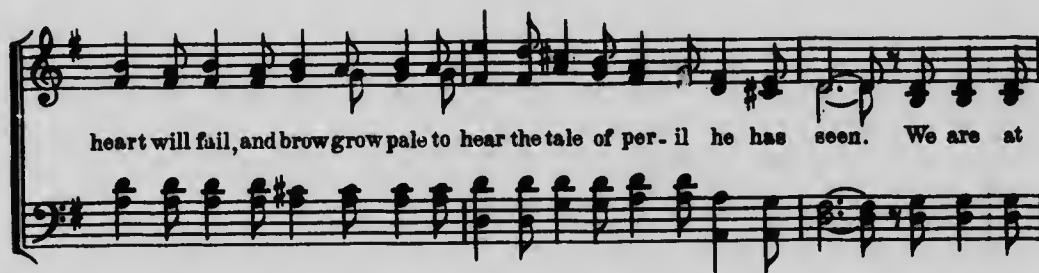
Rest— is pleasant af - ter toil as hard as ours beneath a stranger




sun.— Man - y a maid - en fair— is wait - ing



here to greet her tru - ant sol - dier lov - er, — And many a



heart will fail, and brow grow pale to hear the tale of per - il he has seen. We are at



home,— We are at home, we are at home, we are at home.— *D. C.*

MY BONNIE.

1. My bon - nie lies o - ver the cam - pus, — My bon - nie I'm
 2. Last night as I lay on my pil - low, — Last night as I

long - ing to see; — My bon - nie lies o - ver the
 lay on my bed; — Last night as I lay on my

cam - pus, — Oh, bring back my Bon - nie to me. —
 pil - low, — I dreamt that my Bon - nie was dead. —

Chorus.

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon - nie to me, to me;

Bring back, bring back, Oh! bring back my Bon - nie to me. —

3. Oh, blow, ye winds, over the campus,
 And blow, ye winds, over the sea;
 Oh, blow, ye winds, over the campus,
 And bring back my Bonnie to me. — *Cho.*

4. The winds have blown over the campus,
 The winds have blown over the sea;
 The winds have blown over the campus,
 And bro't back my Bonnie to me. — *Cho.*

HERE COME THE BOYS OF OLD MT. A.

Words and Music by Roy Hall Wheeler '08.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'Now the time is come at last for old Mt. A. to play the game, Tho' she's al-ways won be-fore,'. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. The vocal line is simple and melodic, with some lyrics appearing below the staff and others above it.

Now the

time is come at last for old Mt. A. to play the

game, Tho' she's al-ways won be-fore,

she'll win a - gain now just the same.

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The lyrics "she'll win a - gain now just the same." are written below the notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

See the her - oes on the field dressed in their un - i -

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal line has the lyrics "See the her - oes on the field dressed in their un - i -". The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern with eighth notes in the bass and chords in the treble.

- forms so bright, The "gar - - net and the

The third system of music shows the vocal line with the lyrics "- forms so bright, The 'gar - - net and the". The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic eighth-note bass line and chordal accompaniment.

gold" clad boys are rea - dy for the fight.

The fourth and final system on this page shows the vocal line with the lyrics "gold" clad boys are rea - dy for the fight.". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a sustained bass note.

See ev-'ry one is just as bright and gay as gay can be!

Hear how the crowd is cheering in its wildest ec-sa - sy! The peo-ple stare; the

girls declare; the cup is ours to - day, "We've won it" so they say, "Hur-

- rah for old Mt. A? — And now for fun since we have won, we'll simply own the

day, And make our dear pro - fes - sors wish us for - ty miles a . way. — Tho

peo - ple how they shout, and ev - ry - where a - bout You hear our yell, 'tis

known so well: A - L - L - I - S - O - N, rah! rah!

Chorus.

Here come the boys of old Mt. A. — A-mid the cheers of the

girls, and pennons gay. _____ See in their hands the ball they

The first system of the musical score. The vocal line (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment (grand staff) features a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand and chords in the right hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

hold! _____ Rea - dy to "rush her down" when told _____

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and chords. The key signature remains one sharp.

Hear how the peo-ple loud-ly cheer, _____ As ev-'ry

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and chords. The key signature remains one sharp.

one of the first-team boys draw near, _____ For they are winners ev-'ry

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note B4. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note bass line and chords. The key signature remains one sharp.

time, They put the ball right o'er the line, These ev - er win - ning boys of

old Mt. A. A.

THE DUTCH COMPANY.

1. Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum,

Chorus.
Then you may know that the Dutch have come: For the Dutch com - pa - ny is the

best com - pa - ny That ev - er came o - ver from Old Ger - ma - ny.

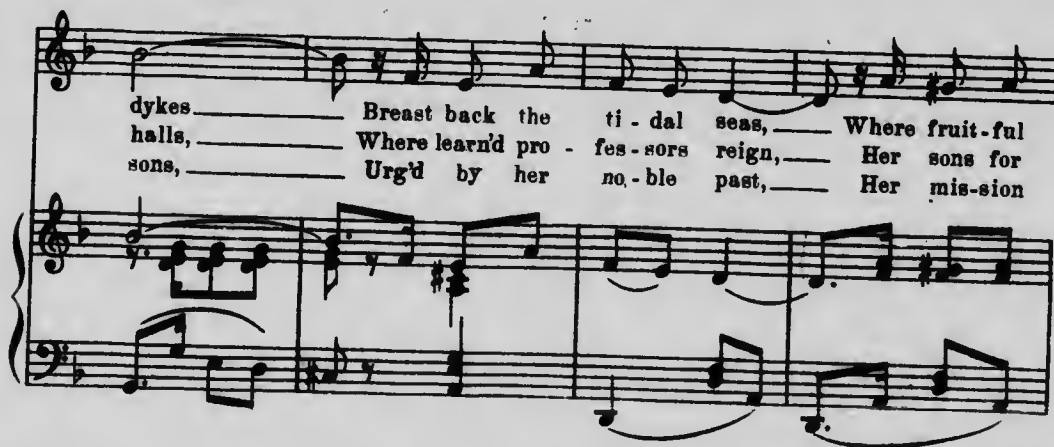
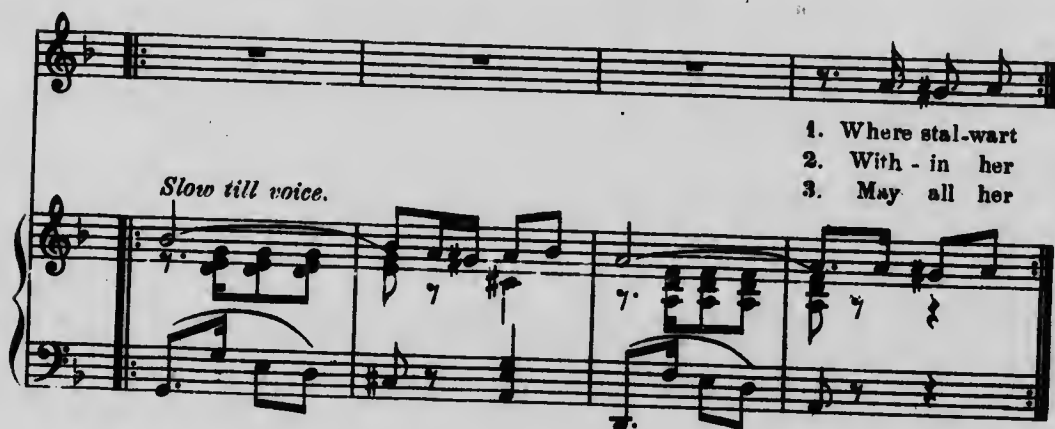
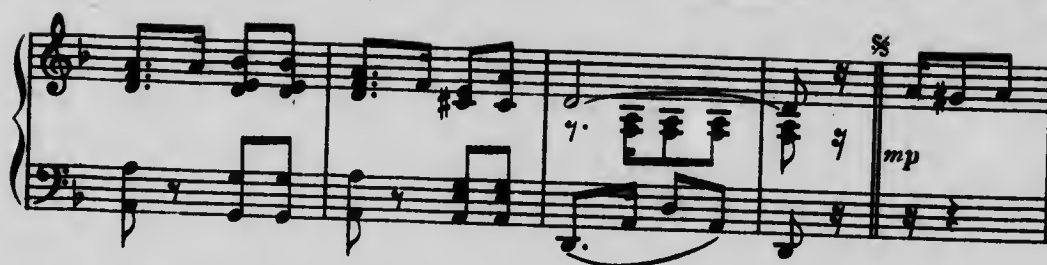
2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war o,
When Dutch meets Dutch, lagerbeer will flow. — *Cho.*

ALMA MATER SONG.

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Words by Winthrop P. Bell '04.

Music by Gus Edwards.



crops _____ Bend to the West-ern breeze _____ On clas-sic
 life _____ Their in-spi-ra-tion gain, _____ On ev'-ry
 grand, _____ Her as-pi-ra-tion vast, _____ Press for-ward

mount _____ Pride of the hap-py lands, _____ With lan-rel
 field _____ Her teams vic-to-ri-ous _____ Add lus-tre
 still, _____ The van-guard in the fight _____ For Truth and

crowned, _____ Our Al-ma Ma-ter stands. _____ Her ban-ners
 to _____ Her pres-tige glo-ri-ous; _____ And in her
 Faith _____ For Jus-tice and for Right; _____ Their em-blem,

there un-fold, _____ The gar-net and the gold! _____
 name up-hold _____ The gar-net and the gold! _____
 as of old, _____ The gar-net and the gold! _____

Chorus.

Mount Al-li - son so fair! — Beyond the marsh-es there, — A-bove the
 peace-ful scene — She sits, en - thron'd a queen! — May each ma -
 - jes - tic tide, — Each gale that sweeps the moor, — Her fame spread
 far and wide — To ev'-ry shore! — Mount Al - li - shore! —

1. 2.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.*Adagio con espr.*

Me - ow, Me - ow, Me-ow. —

Me - ow, Me - ow, Meow, — Me - ow, Me - ow. —

tremolo

BACK AMONG THE BOYS AGAIN.

M. M. ♩ = 50.

Words and Music by Roy Hall Wheeler '08.



1. When a - lone, far from home, Thro' a for - eign country stray - ing,
 2. Sigh-ing breeze, in the trees, Sit-ting by my fire - dream - ing.
 3. All thro' life, if in strife, Or when earth's bright bells are chim - ing,

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line with three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

Low and clear, songs I hear, On the breezes sweet-ly say - ing:
 Things all wrong, life too long, Yet there's always one star gleam - ing.
 Day by day, on my way, For those songs my heart keeps pin - ing.

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics describe the narrator's feelings of longing and hope.

Friends I knew, good and true, Wish me well where'er I be. —
 Thro' the night, comes the light Of its calm and peaceful rays, —
 In the air, — ev - 'ry - where Ring those mel - o - dies so sweet. —

The third system concludes the song with a final vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics express a wish for peace and the presence of beloved melodies.

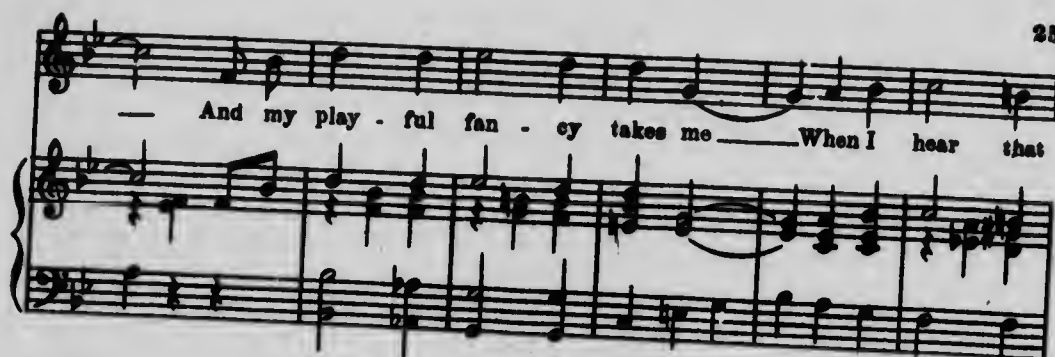
Years roll by, my tho'ts fly To Mt. A. a - cross the sea. —
 Songs most dear strike my e e, Bring-ing back those gold - en days. —
 Songs so true, na - ture so, Birds and wind their themes re - peat. —

Chorus.
 M.M. $\text{♩} = 66$.

When I hear those old songs ring-ing: — Man - dy Lee and

Old Black Joe, — Seems as if I could hear the boys

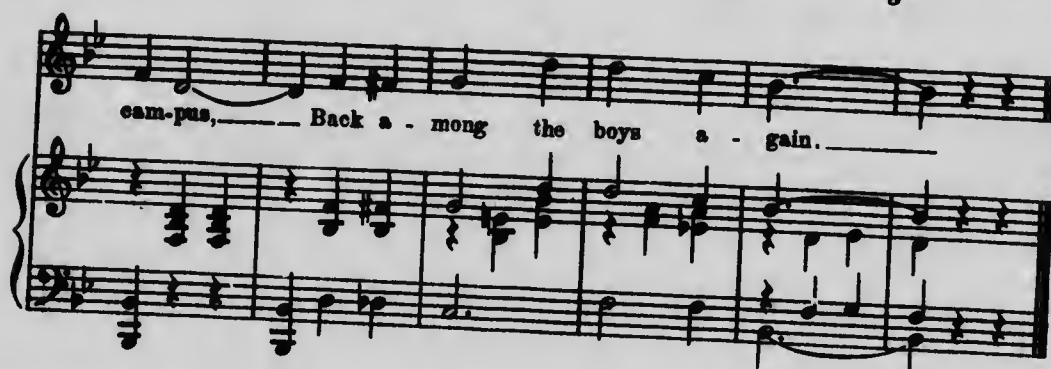
sing - ing As they did in the long a - go. —



— And my play - ful fan - cy takes me — When I hear that

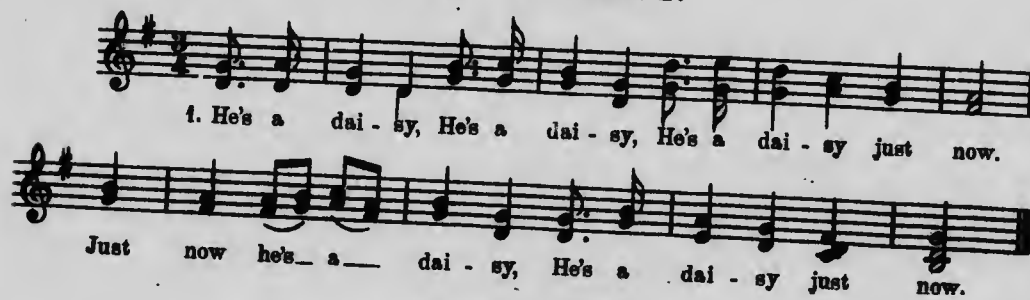


old re - frain: — My Bon - nie lies o - ver the



cam-pus, — Back a - mong the boys a - gain. —

HE'S A DAISY.



1. He's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy just now.
Just now he's a dai - sy, He's a dai - sy just now.

2. See him smiling just now.
3. We are ditto just now.

CO-CA-CHE-LUNK.

Vivace.

1. If you want an e - du - ca - tion If you want to cul - ti - vate
2. She will give you math - e - mat - ics Pol. E - con. and lit - 'ra - ture

All the arts and all — the gra - ces At Mt. A. ma - tric - u - late.
La - tin, Greek and Hy - dro - sta - ties And a swoll - en head she'll cure.

Chorus.

Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - lay,

Co - ca - che - lunk - che - lunk - che - la - ly, Hi! O chik - a - che - lunk - che - lay.

3. She will tame your rustic shyness,
By receptions up to date
She'll explain the How and Whyness,
And she'll teach you to debate. — *Cho.*

4. If you want an education,
If you want to cultivate
All the arts and all the graces,
Then right here matriculate. — *Cho.*

FRESHMEN'S AND SENIORS' SONGS.

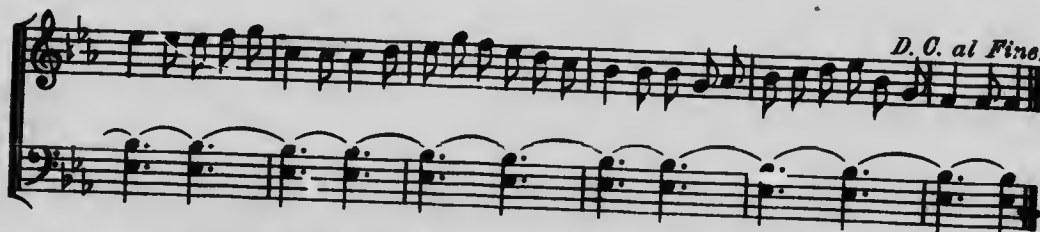
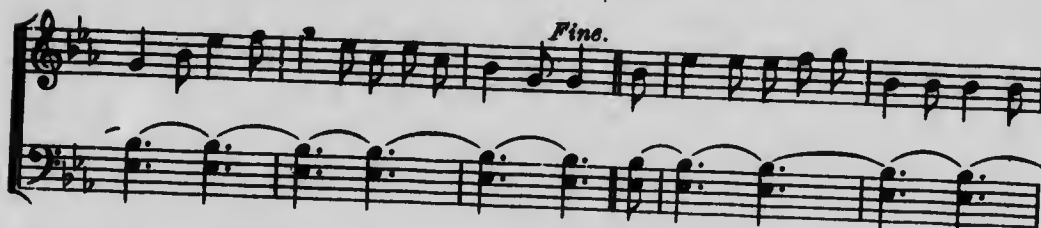
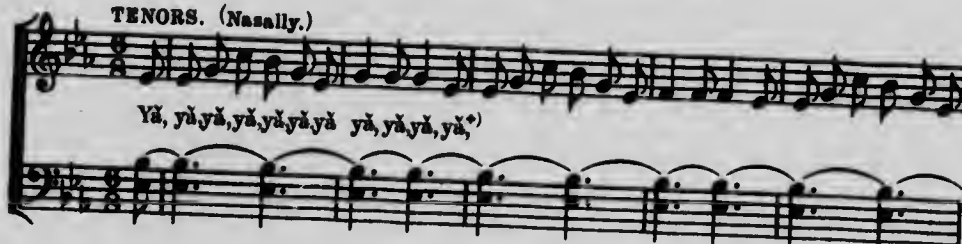
27

Tune: "Co-ca-che-lunk"

1. Oh! we're Freshmen of Mount Allison
And we always are in luck,
For the less we have of knowledge,
Well, the more we have of pluck. — *Cho.*
2. There are many here before us,
And they are a jolly crew,
But they can't come Paddy o'er us,
For we're not so very few. — *Cho.*
3. We like the College customs well,
But cannot see the sport,
That he, who tries to court a girl,
Needs any other Court. — *Cho.*
4. Then here's to those who teach us
Learned far beyond our ken
Hard the task, you say, we give them
But you also were Freshmen. — *Cho.*
5. And here's to each good pater,
Who will rattle down the dimes;
And here's to Alma Mater
And to good old College times. — *Cho.*
1. When we first came on this campus,
Freshmen we as green as grass;
Now as grave and reverend Seniors
Smile we over the verdant past. — *Cho.*
2. We have fought the fight together,
We have struggled side by side;
Broken is the bond that held us —
We must cut our sticks and slide. — *Cho.*
3. Some will go to Western prairies,
Some to Athens or to Rome;
Some to Greenland's icy mountains —
More, perhaps, will stay at home. — *Cho.*
4. When we come again together,
At Mount A. a day to pass,
Wives and children all included, —
Won't we be an uproarious class. — *Cho.*

IMITATION OF A BAGPIPE.

TENORS. (Nasally.)



*) The same word for each note all through.

ARE YOU A THEOLOG?

A College Episode.

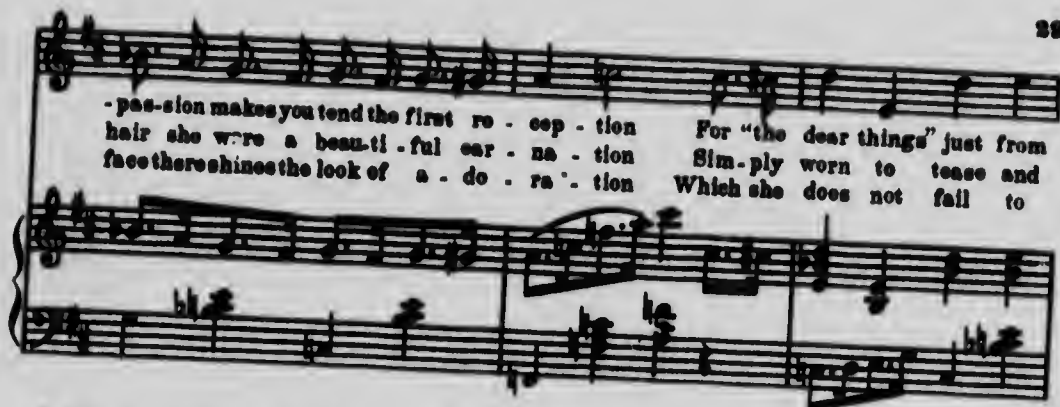
Words and Music by Roy Hall Wheeler '08.



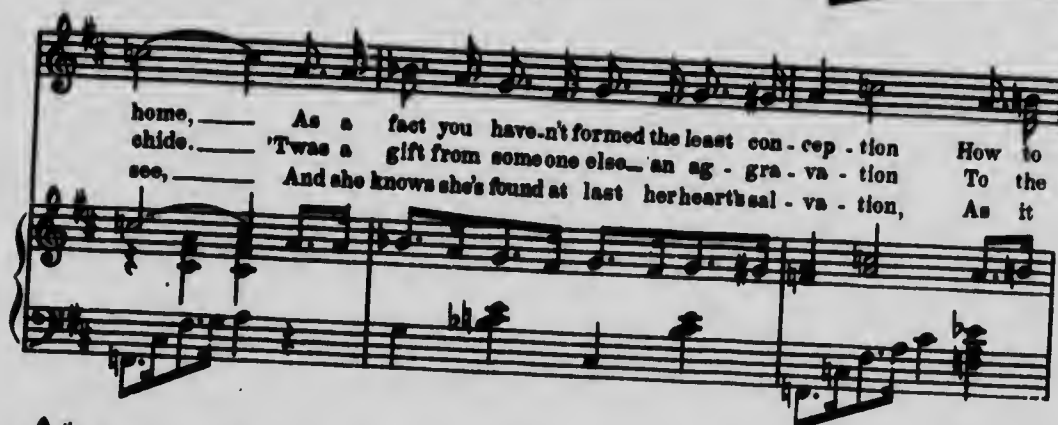
1. When you first get back to town, all the boys you meet Talk a -
 2. Just a year from that same day, so the sto - ry goes, Were the
 3. Four short years have come and gone since this cou - ple met, And the

-bout the new girls and their win-some ways: While you con-jure in your mind as you
 self-same fel-low and the self-same maid Sit-ting in the self-same chairs; true, 'tis
 time is come now when they too must part: "What a good kind friend he's been" she can

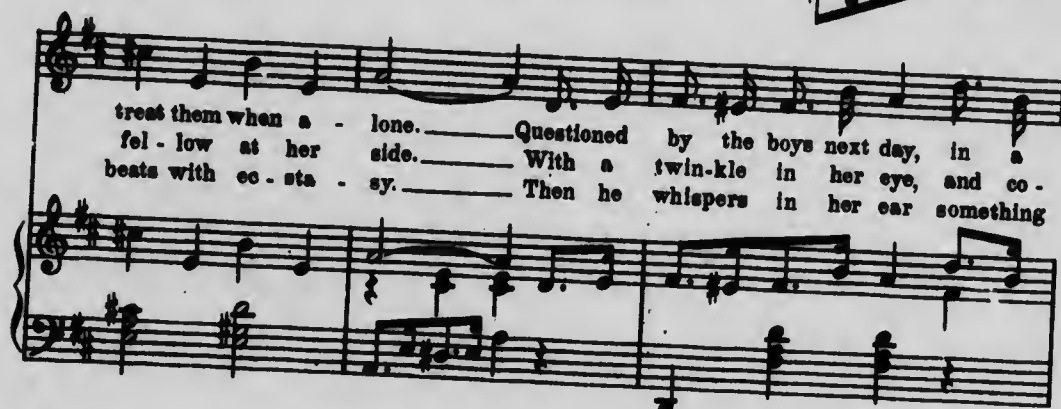
walk the street How "the fates" will treat you in the com-ing days: Mere com-
 no one knows, But these facts would al-most prove that plans were laid. In her
 ne'er for-get, But a "feel-ing blue" steals slow-ly 'round her heart. On his



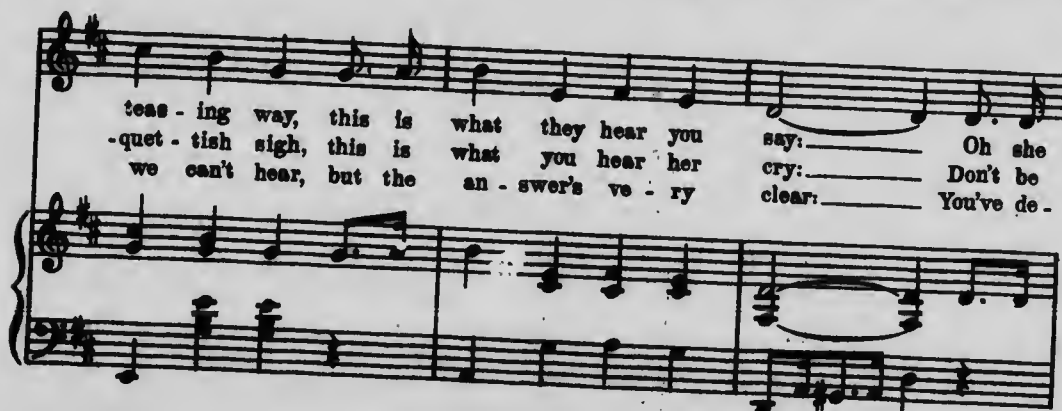
-pas-sion makes you tend the first re - cep - tion For "the dear things" just from
 hair she wore a beau-ti - ful ear - na - tion Sim-ply worn to tease and
 face there shines the look of a - do - ra - tion Which she does not fail to



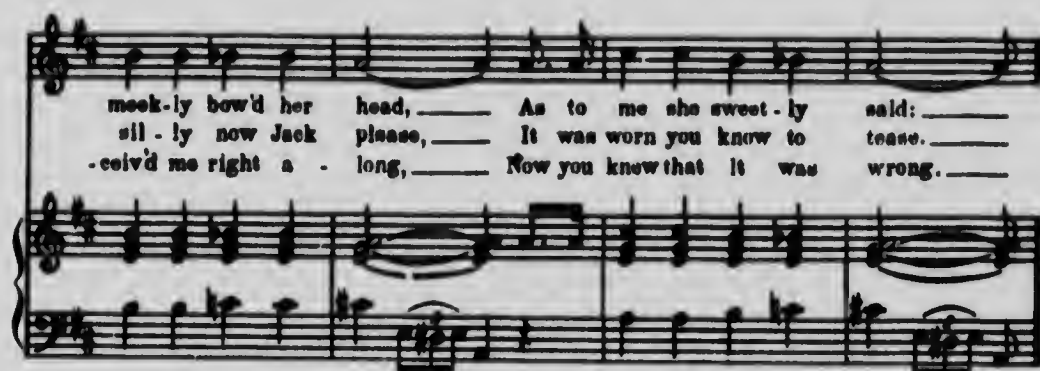
home, — As a fact you have-n't formed the least con - cep - tion How to
 chide. — 'Twas a gift from someone else — an ag - gra - va - tion To the
 see, — And she knows she's found at last her heart's al - va - tion, As it




treat them when a - lone. — Questioned by the boys next day, in a
 fel - low at her side. — With a twin-kle in her eye, and co -
 beats with ec - sta - sy. — Then he whispers in her ear something



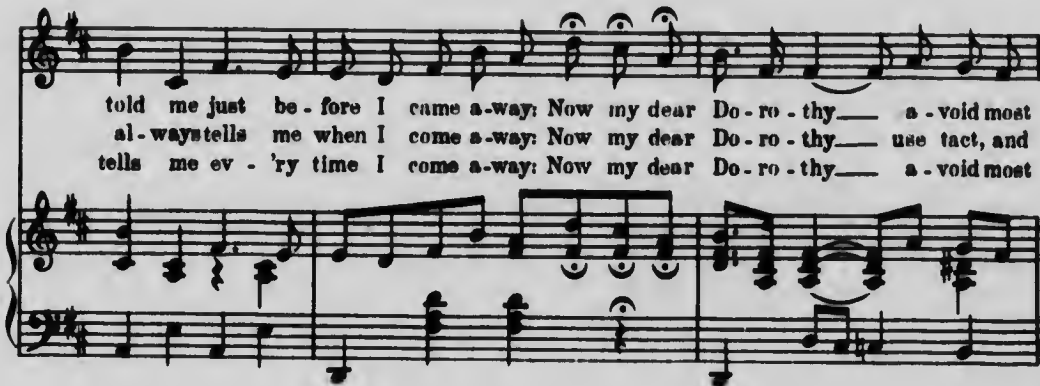
teas - ing way, this is what they hear you say: — Oh she
 -quet - tish sigh, this is what you hear her cry: — Don't be
 we can't hear, but the an - swer's ve - ry clear: — You've de -



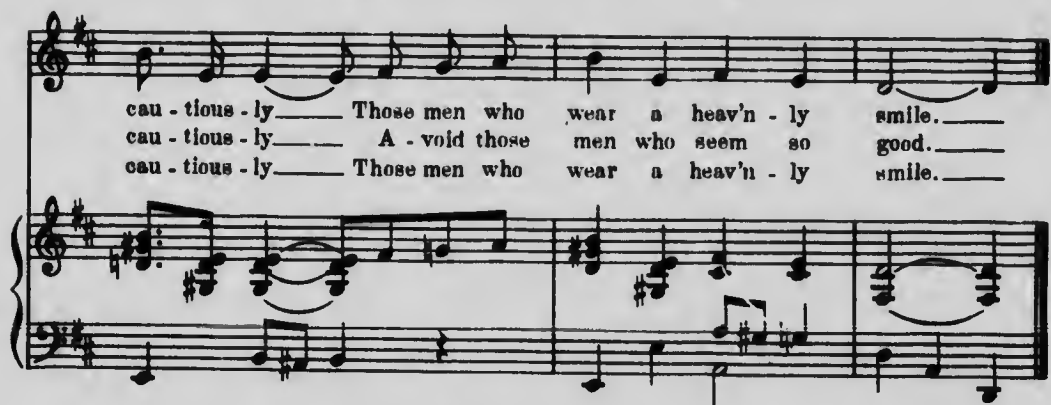
meek-ly bow'd her head, — As to me she sweet-ly said: —
 sil-ly now Jack please, — It was worn you know to tease. —
 -ceiv'd me right a - long, — Now you know that it was wrong. —

Chorus.


Are you a the - o - log, — a dear kind the - o - log? — My ma - ma
 Don't be a the - o - log, — a dear kind the - o - log, — My ma - ma
 So you're a the - o - log, — a dear kind the - o - log, — My moth-er



told me just be - fore I came a-way: Now my dear Do - ro - thy — a - void most
 al - way tells me when I come a-way: Now my dear Do - ro - thy — use tact, and
 tells me ev - 'ry time I come a-way: Now my dear Do - ro - thy — a - void most



cau - tious - ly — Those men who wear a heav'n - ly smile. —
 cau - tious - ly — A - void those men who seem so good. —
 cau - tious - ly — Those men who wear a heav'n - ly smile. —

THE PROF.

Allegro.

1. The Prof. he leads a charmed life, charm-ed life; He
 cher-ish-es a dar-ling wife, dar-ling wife; With ba-bies coo-ing on his
 With ba-bies coo-ing on his
 on his knee
 With babies coo-ing on his
 knee
 on his knee His pa-pa's toot-sey, dink-ey, dee; With ba-bies
 knee
 With ba-bies coo-ing on his knee
 coo-ing on his knee
 With ba-bies coo-ing on his knee His pa-pa's toot-sey, dink-ey, dee.
 coo-ing on his knee

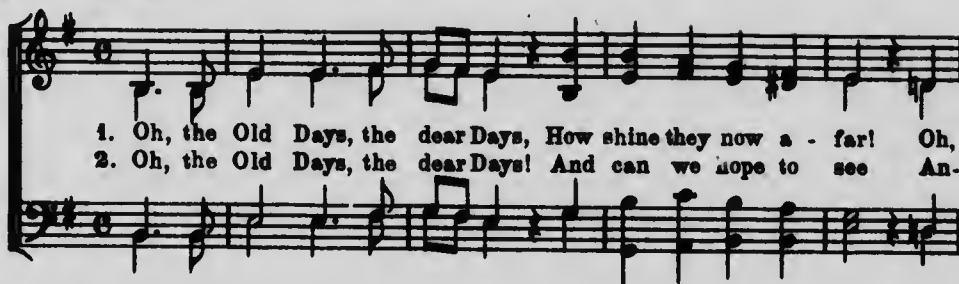
2. The Senior better pleases me, pleases me
 His life is full of jollity, jollity
 His girls are many, many as he will
 I fain a Senior's gown would fill.

3. But when my sweetheart kisses me, kisses me
 I then would a professor be, professor be
 But when I take, I take the girls to ride
 I then a post grad would abide.

THE OLD DAYS.

Tune: "Andreas Hofer."


Words by Pastor Felix.



1. Oh, the Old Days, the dear Days, How shine they now a - far! Oh,
 2. Oh, the Old Days, the dear Days! And can we hope to see An-



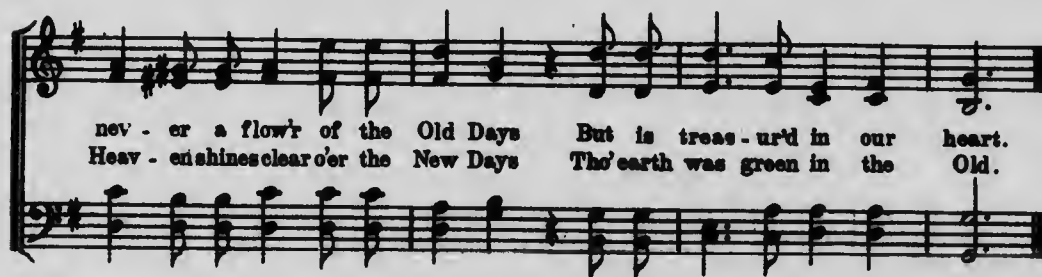
who can tell these New Days How dear the Old Days are? For there's
 - y of all the New Days So fair in their de - gree? Fair, —



nev - er a song of the Old Days, But will bid a tear to start; And there's
 fair — they were those Old Days, We shall nev - er more be - hold; Yet —



nev - er a flow'r of the Old Days But is treas - ur'd in our heart. And there's
 Heav - en shines clear o'er the New Days Tho' earth was green in the Old. Yet —



nev - er a flow'r of the Old Days But is treas - ur'd in our heart.
 Heav - en shines clear o'er the New Days Tho' earth was green in the Old.

FOR WE'RE THE GAY UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

Words and Music by Roy Hall Wheeler '08.



1. Sto - ries are told of Sol - diers bold, Who've fought for their coun - try
 2. Where - er I be on land or at sea, Some he - ro's fond prais - es

The first two lines of the song are set to music. The vocal line is on a single staff, and the piano accompaniment is on two staves. The melody is simple and catchy, with a clear harmonic support.

dear, _____ Sol - diers who've died in war, _____
 ring, _____ Loud - ly his work's ex - toll'd, _____

The third line of the song continues the melody. The piano accompaniment features a prominent bass line with eighth notes, providing a strong rhythmic foundation.

'Way from their homes so far, _____ Lit - tle is said, and
 Fu - ture and fame fore - told. _____ Students of might work

The fourth line of the song concludes the piece. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord, and the vocal line finishes with a sustained note.

sel-dom is read The sto-ry of Col-lege Life But
far thro' the night With problems of storm and stress. Their

hap-py the lot of him who fought For fame in Col-lege
va-lor unknown, they win a lone Yet he rees none the

rit.

Chorus.

strife. For we're the } gay Un-i-ver-si-ty stu-dents, You can
less. For they are }

a tempo

tell by our cap and gown, And we hon-or the gar-net and
by their cap and gown, And they hon-or the gar-net and

old gold, As we proud - ly walk thro' town And you can

tell by our smil - ing fa - ces, That we're stu - dents 'tis clear as
their they're

day! For what can compare in this world so fair, With

four years at old Mt. A. For we're the they are A.

1. 2.

rit.

AN ALUMNI SONG.

Words by W. P. Bell '04.

1. I am think-ing to-night of my old col-lege town, I am
 2. I'm re-jole-ing to-night o'er her vic-t'ries a-gain, Tho' I

dreaming of days that are flown;- Of the joy and the strife of the
 help'd not those vic-t'ries to gain. I will cheer as of old for the

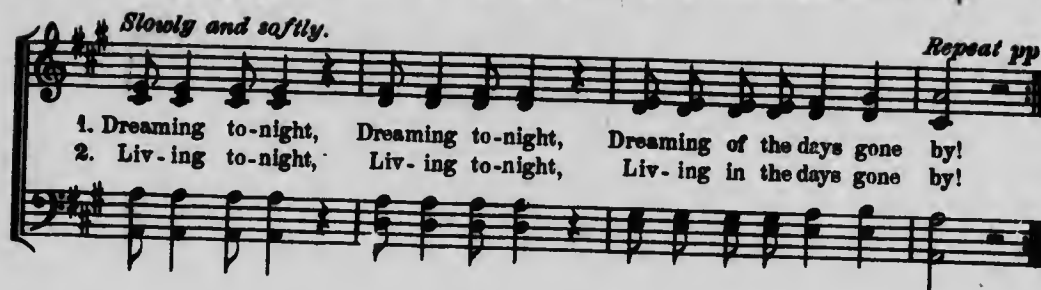
old col-lege life! Ah, those days are the best I have known!
 gar-net and gold, And her hon-or for ev-er main-tain!

Chorus.
 Many are the hearts that are longing to-night Longing for the days gone by;



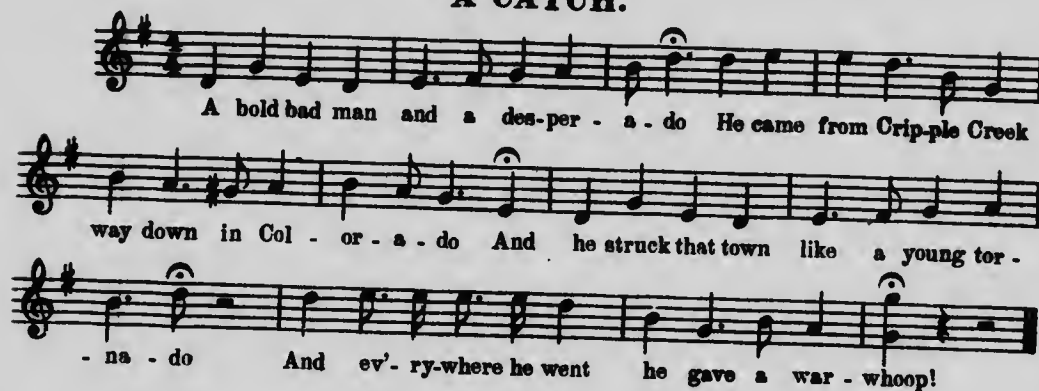
Ma-ny are the mem'ries hap - py and bright, and the loves that can - not die!

Slowly and softly. *Repeat pp*



1. Dreaming to-night, Dreaming to-night, Dreaming of the days gone by!
2. Liv - ing to-night, Liv - ing to-night, Liv - ing in the days gone by!

A CATCH.



A bold bad man and a des-per - a - do He came from Crip-ple Creek
way down in Col - or - a - do And he struck that town like a young tor -
- na - do And ev'-ry-where he went he gave a war - whoop!

DESERTED.

(*Carinthian.*)



1. De - sert - ed and lone - ly, no sweet-heart have
2. One - bird - brings no sum - mer, one finch builds no

I, - Ah! I - stand as a sign-post by maid-ens - pass'd by.
nest, Ah! Then why should one maid - en dis - turb my - heart's rest?

DRINKING SONG.

Words and Music by Roy Hall Wheeler '06.



Drink long and deep to our Col - lege so fair, drink her

The first line of the song features a vocal melody in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics "Drink long and deep to our Col - lege so fair, drink her" are written below the vocal line. The piano part consists of chords and a simple bass line.

down, down, down. — Drink to the health of the

The second line of the song continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "down, down, down. — Drink to the health of the" are written below the vocal line. The piano part continues with chords and a simple bass line.

girls o - ver there, drink her down, down, down. —

The third line of the song concludes the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics "girls o - ver there, drink her down, down, down. —" are written below the vocal line. The piano part continues with chords and a simple bass line.

Soon will these hap - py days be o'er, And of these times there'll

be no more, so be mer - ry while the sun shines,

Chorus.
drink her down, down, down. Drink to the health

of me, to the health of you,

Drink to the health of our boys— so brave, Drink to the health of our

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal melody is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment consists of a right-hand treble clef staff and a left-hand bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

girls so true.— Drink to our good kind friends—

This system contains the second two staves of music. The vocal melody continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the right and left hand staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

— in this gay old town, — But keep this in your

This system contains the third two staves of music. The vocal melody continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the right and left hand staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.


head: you're a long time dead, Drink her down, down, down.—

This system contains the final two staves of music on this page. The vocal melody continues on the treble clef staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the right and left hand staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

AUSTRIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

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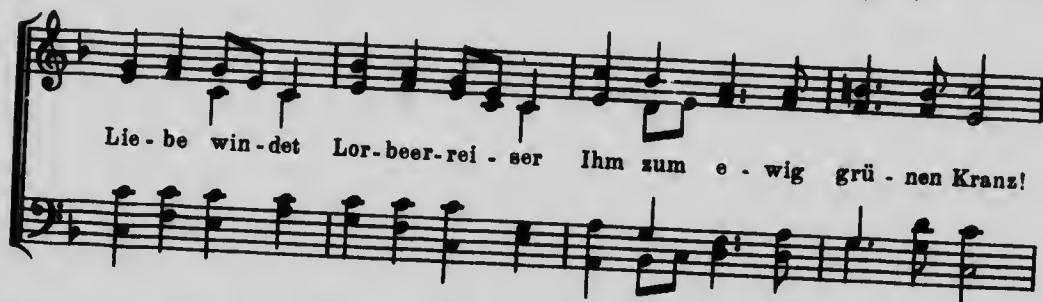
Haydn.



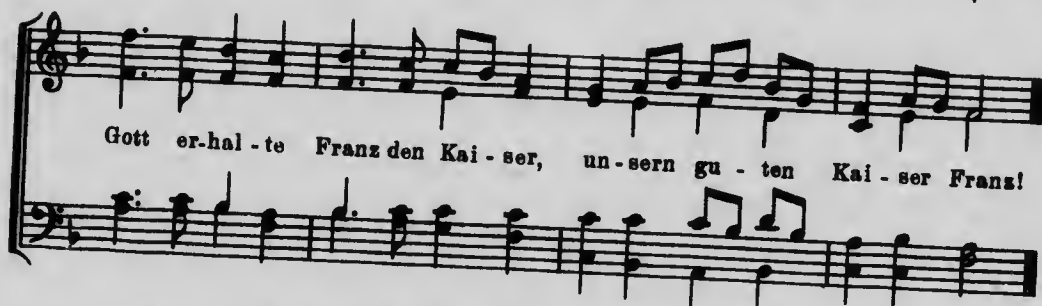
1. Gott er-hal-te Franz den Kai-ser, un-tern gu-ten Kai-ser Franz!



Hoch als Herrscher, hoch als Wei-ser, steht er in des Ruh-mes Glanz!



Lie-be win-det Lor-beer-rei-ser Ihm zum e-wig grü-nen Kranz!



Gott er-hal-te Franz den Kai-ser, un-tern gu-ten Kai-ser Franz!

2. Ueber blühende Gefilde reicht sein Scepter weit und breit;
Säulen seines Thron's sind Milde, Biedersinn und Redlichkeit,
Und von seinem Wappenschild strahlet die Gerechtigkeit.
Gott erhalte, etc.

3. Sich mit Tugenden zu schmücken, achtet er der Sorgen werth.
Nicht, um Völker zu erdrücken, flammt in seiner Hand das Schwert;
Sie zu segnen, zu beglücken, ist der Preis, den er begehrt.
Gott erhalte, etc.

4. Er zerbrach der Knechtschaft Bande, hob zur Freiheit uns empor!
Früh erleb' er deutscher Lande, deutscher Völker höchsten Flor,
Und vernehme noch am Rande später Gruft der Engel Chor:
Gott erhalte, etc.

REVERIE.

M. M. ♩ = 80.

Words and Music by Roy Hall Wheeler '08.



1. One night I sat dream - ing (how long I don't know); I
 2. Once more thro' the old halls I walk'd up and down, Once
 3. Once more for div - er - sion, a - muse - ment and rest, I

 The first system of the song features a vocal melody line with three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with the same eighth-note pattern in the left hand and chords in the right hand.

lived in the old days, the days long a - go; And
 more in the class - room in cap and in gown My
 ea ger - ly list - en'd to sto - ries of jest To

 The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics describe the narrator's past experiences in school and their interest in stories.

while I sat mus - ing, a voice I could hear, And
 fa - vo - rite mas - ter I saw stand - ing there, His
 strange tales of va - lor, to yarns of the sea, And

 The third system concludes the song with the final vocal lines and piano accompaniment. The melody ends on a sustained note, and the piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support.

feel grasp me warm - ly the hand of good cheer. The
 gen - i - al smile 'neath his gray locks of hair. Once
 heard my com - pan - ions tell what each would be. I

veil of the past seem'd to lift from my eyes, I
 more from the cam - pus, the shouts and the noise Came
 pic - tur'd my life in a ha - lo of fame, And

saw all the old scenes be - fore me a - rise, The
 waft - ed to - wards me of gay hap - py boys. I
 saw gold - en lau - rels en - twin'd with my name. But

scenes of my boy - hood, those dear col - lege days, When
 join'd in their pleas - ure, their songs and their glee, And
 while I sat dream - ing I some - how could feel Such

life's fu-ture bat-tles look'd bright thro' their haze. —
 just as in those days felt hap-py and free. —
 pleas-ure were al-most too good to be real. —

Slowly. J. 24.

Dear gold-en hours, — days long a-go, Days that have

gone by for ev-er. Friends true, and mem-'ry

all that re-mains, Friend-ship that e'en time can't se-ver.

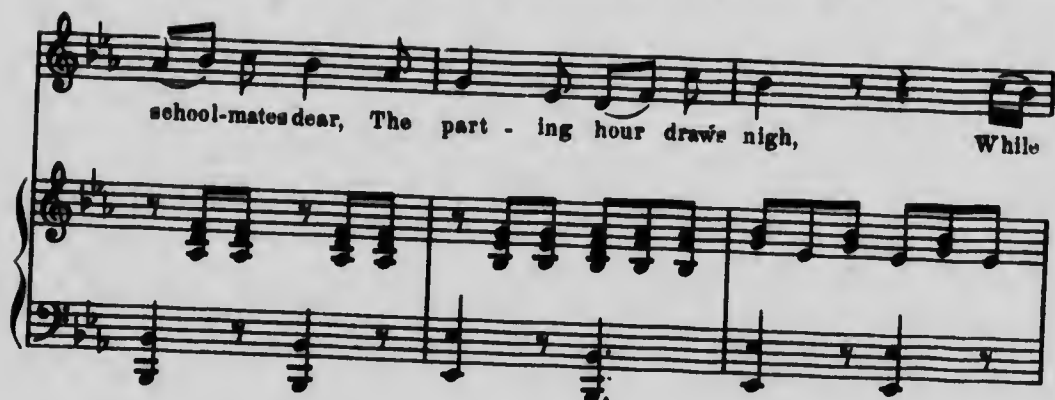
Dedicated to the Principal and Preceptress of the Mount Allison Ladies' Seminary.

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FAREWELL LOVED TEACHERS.¹⁾

Words by Laura Campbell Knight.

Music by Maud Cronyn.



¹⁾ The first Mount Allison Song—sung at Ladies' College Closing 1889.

Chorus.

Sopr.

We part! we part! but 'mid our tears In grat - i - tude we'll twine With

Alto.

choic - est flow'rs fond mem'ry bears, Our Al - ma Ma - ter's shrine.

But

o'er the past a sha-dow falls, Tell-ing of bye-gone hours When

first with-in yon clas-sic halls, We— plant-ed friendship's flow'rs.

3. Planted 'mid sunshine and 'mid tears,
Those flowers shall never die,
But flourish still through coming years,
And bloom again on high.— *Alto.*

4. May Heaven's choicest blessings rest
Upon our little band,
May we in heaven among the blest
As sister spirits stand.— *Alto.*

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Tenors. *p dolce*

Serenade.

1. Stars of the summer night, Far in yon az-ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the summer night, Far down yon west-ern steep, Sink, sink in

Basses. *p dolce*

gold-en light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.
sil-ver light, She sleeps, my la-dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la-dy sleeps.

rall. p

THE OLD DAYS BY TANTRAMAR.

Words by Rev. W. W. Andrews, LL. D.
Tempo di Mazurka.

Music by Percy Montrose.

1. Thro' the broad and fer-tile marsh-es Dyked a - gainst the O - cean
2. From the win-dows gazed the bright eyes Of the girls in auld lang

wide, Flows the Tan - tra-mar and puls-es To the beat of Fundy's tide.
syne, - Our fair grand-ma-mas and moth-ers, In the hap-py old-en time.

Chorus.

Oh the old days, oh the old days, Dear old days by Tan-tra -
Oh the old days, oh the old days, Dear old days by Tan-tra -

-mar. They are lost and gone for - ev - er, Good old days by Tan-tra-mar.
-mar. Bright the hay waved to the breez - es Sweeping o - ver Tan-tra-mar

3. Beausejour and boys to be sure,
Saw they in the olden time
In the distance, in the distance,—
Says the poet's truthful rhyme.

Chorus.

Oh the old days, oh the slow days,
Longing days by Tantramar.
How the stars looked down from heaven,—
In old days by Tantramar.

4. Jack and Jill went up the hill then,
When the other travelled down,
For when Jack marched up to Fairview,
Then good Jill could see the town.

Chorus.

Oh the old days, oh the hard days,
Cruel days by Tantramar.
Love could use the wireless only,
In old days by Tantramar.

5. How they did it none will tell us,
Every one has changed her name.
So in spite of laws and locksmiths
Love did get there just the same.

Chorus.

Oh the old days, oh the old days,
Happy days by Tantramar.
Many hearts will ne'er forget them
Dear old days by Tantramar.

THE STILLY NIGHT.

A Round.

1 Oft in the stilly night, when slum-bers chain hath bound me,

2 I feel the cru-el bite of some-thin' craw-lin' o'er me,

3 And I hear the dis-mal sound of cats and dogs a-round me,

4 *Entirely at pleasure.*

1 Bow, wow, wow! phit phit! meow! phit phit! bow wow! meow meow! phit phit! bow wow! meow!

HERE'S TO THE HAPPY DAYS GONE BY.

Words and Music by Roy Hall Wheeler '08.



1. When the year has end-ed, and the work is o-ver, Just to sing the good old songs, once
 2. In the win-ter ev'nings, outside cold and chill, In-side warm with light and cheer and
 3. Time makes ma-ny changes in the dear old place, But it nev-er can those songs from

The first system of the song features a vocal melody line with three verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm of eighth notes in the right hand and chords in the left hand.

more be-fore they se-ver, All the boys as-sem-ble 'round the old stair-way, Sing those
 feel-ings of good-will. Then the boys as-sem-ble 'round the old stair-way, Sing those
 our hearts e - raise. See the boys as-sem-ble 'round the old stair-way, Sing those

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics describe boys assembling around an old stairway to sing. The piano part maintains its accompaniment pattern.

good old mel - o - dies: Songs both sad and gay.—
 good old mel - o - dies: Songs both sad and gay.—
 good old mel - o - dies: Songs both sad and gay.—

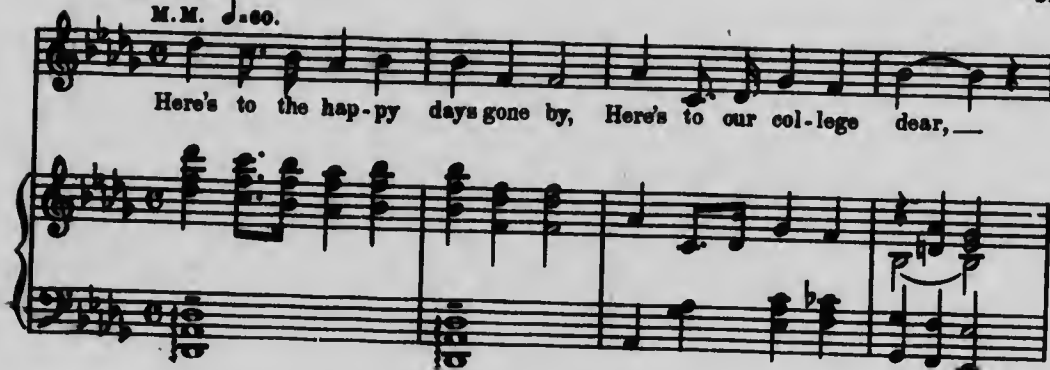
The third system concludes the song with a final vocal melody line and piano accompaniment. The lyrics repeat the phrase 'good old melodies: Songs both sad and gay' three times. The piano part ends with a final chord.

Refrain.

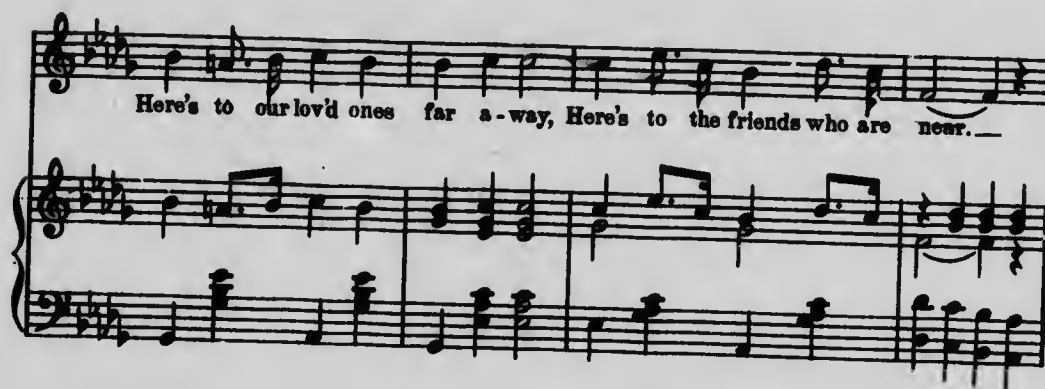
M.M. ♩.60.

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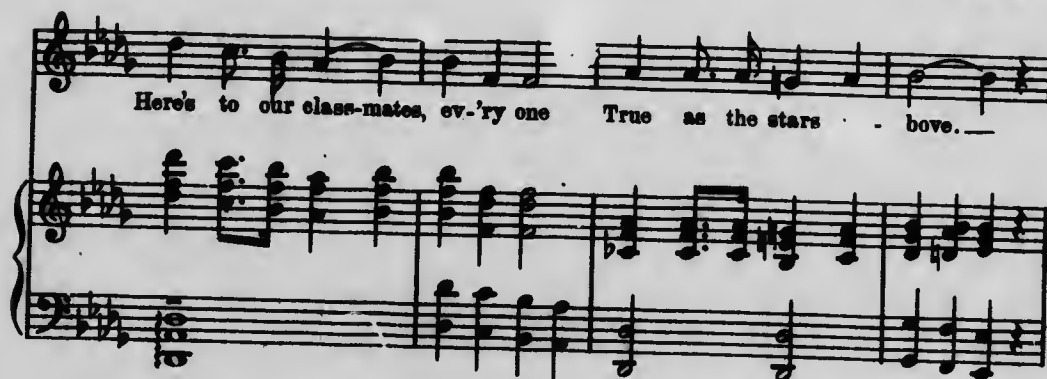
Here's to the hap-py days gone by, Here's to our col-lege dear,—



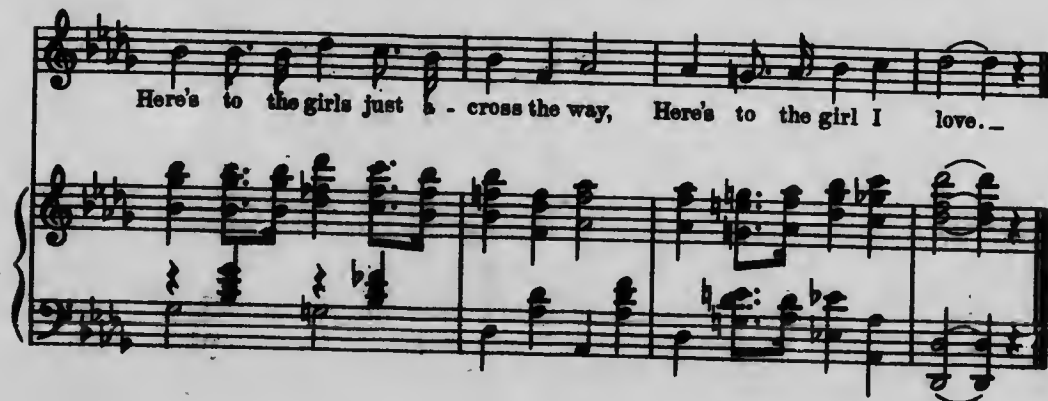
Here's to our lov'd ones far a-way, Here's to the friends who are near.—



Here's to our class-mates, ev-'ry one True as the stars - - bove.—



Here's to the girls just a - cross the way, Here's to the girl I love.—



MT. ALLISON WALTZ SONG.

Words and Music by Roy Hall Wheeler '08.



1. Down near the banks of the Tan - tra-mar riv - er,
 2. If o'er the cam-pus our ban - ners are fly - ing,
 3. When our four years at the col - lege are o - ver,

Stands on a hill a col - lege brown, Where stu-dents come from
 Ban-ners of Gar - net and old Gold— And on the field have our
 And each has gone his sep - rate way, When - ev - er dreaming of

ev - 'ry_ clime, To don with pride the cap and gown.
 boys— de - clared "To win or die and the cup to hold,"
 things which are past, Pictured be - fore us we'll see Mt. A.,

When the leaves turn and the fall winds blow, With quick'ning
Or on the ice let the bat - tle be rag - ing, And tho' our
Friends we have known whom we can't for - get, And the re -

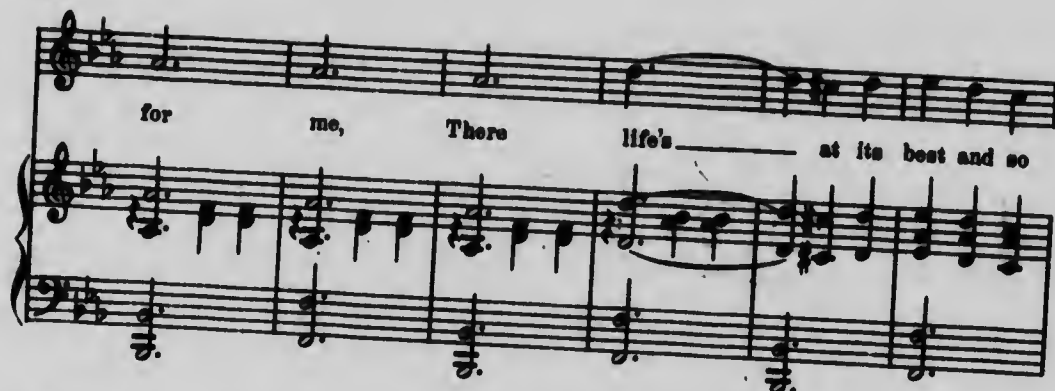
heart longs my heart each day, To be with the old boys and
col - lege should meet with de - feat, Still we'll do the best we can
membrance of those dear halls Will ev - er chase care a - way

guy all the new boys, At old Mt. A. _____
and stand up man to man for Mt. A. _____
as we can al-ways say: Good old days. _____

Chorus. (Tempo di Valse.)

Mt. A. _____ you're the on - ly place in this wide world

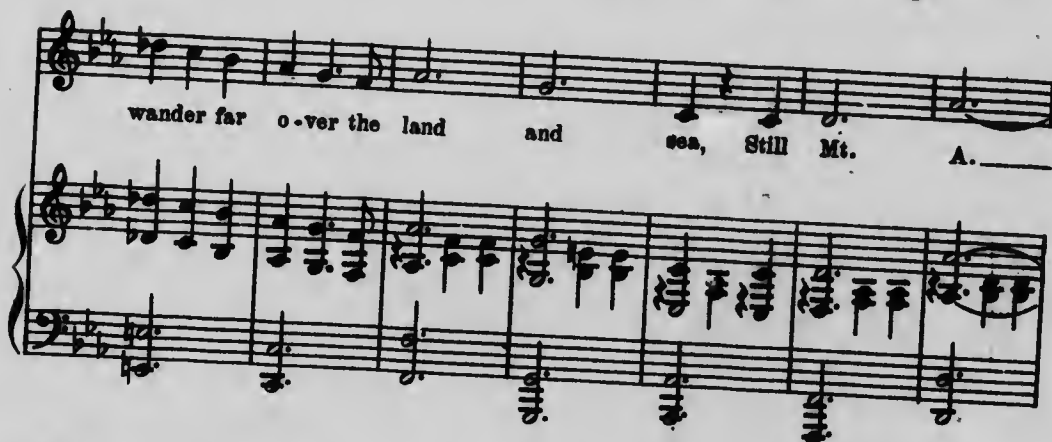
for me, There life's _____ at its best and so



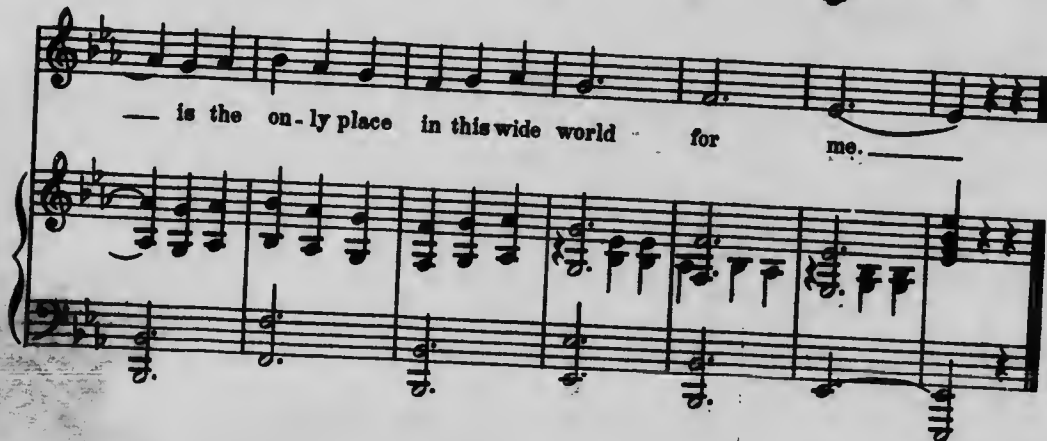
brim full of joy - - li - - ty, And tho' _____ I should



wander far o-ver the land and sea, Still Mt. A. _____



— is the on-ly place in this wide world for me. _____



THE OLD FOOTBALL.

55

Arranged by Roy Hall Wheeler '08.

For we'll roll the old foot - ball a - long! For we'll
If + + +s in the way we will roll it o - ver her! If +

roll the old foot - ball a - long! For we'll roll the
+ +s in the way we will roll it o - ver her! If + + +s in the

old foot - ball a - long, And we'll all push on be - hind.
way we will roll it o - ver her! And we'll all push on be - hind.

+++ The name of any College may be inserted here.

A ROUND.

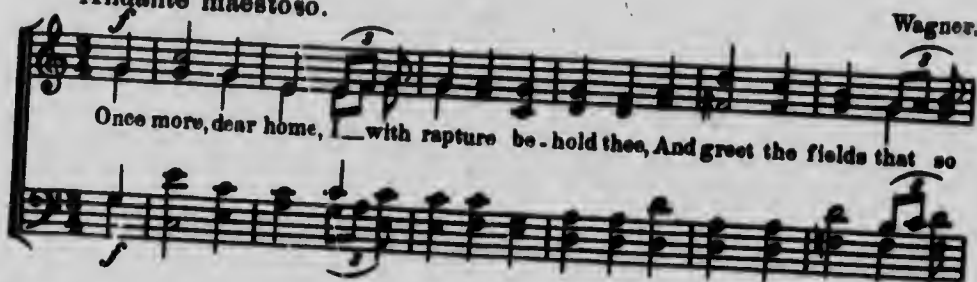
1 2
3 Man's life's a va - pour full of woes, 3 He cuts a ca -
per down he goes, 1 down he, down he, down he, down he, down he goes.

PILGRIMS' CHORUS FROM TANNHÄUSER.

Mixed Voices.

Andante maestoso.

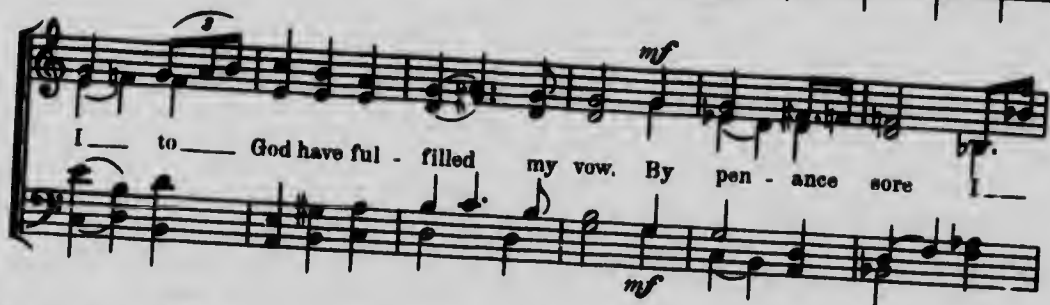
Wagner.



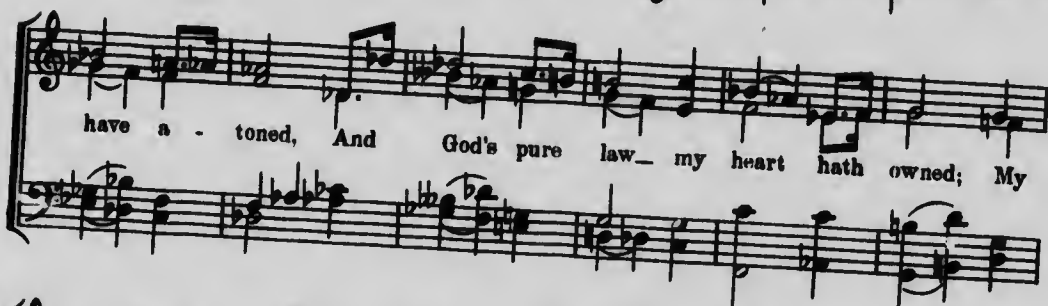
Once more, dear home, with rapture be-hold thee, And greet the fields that so



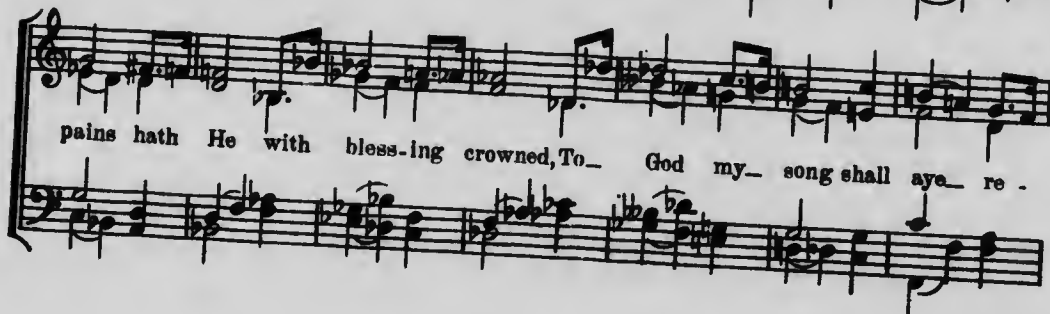
sweet-ly en-fold thee, Thou, pil-grim staff, may rest thee now, Since



I to God have ful-filled my vow. By pen-ance sore I



have a-toned, And God's pure law my heart hath owned; My



pains hath He with bless-ing crowned, To God my song shall aye re-

crce.
- sound, — To God my song shall aye re -
Piano.

Unison.
sound — Once more, dear
marcato
marcato
And.

home, I — with rap - ture be - hold thee, And
con Ped.

greet the fields that so sweet - ly en -
3

- fold thee, Yeal — pil — grim staff, thy —

tell — in o'er, I'll serve my —

God — for — ev — er, for — ev — er — more.

A BOAT! A BOAT!

Round.

John Jenkins.

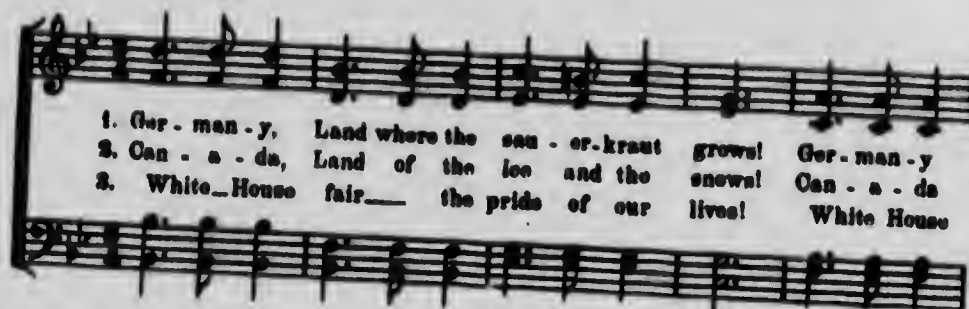
1 A boat! a boat! haste to the fer-ry, 2

2 And we'll go o-ver to be mer-ry; 3


3 To laugh and quaff, and drink old sher-ry. 1

DEAR OLD PALS.

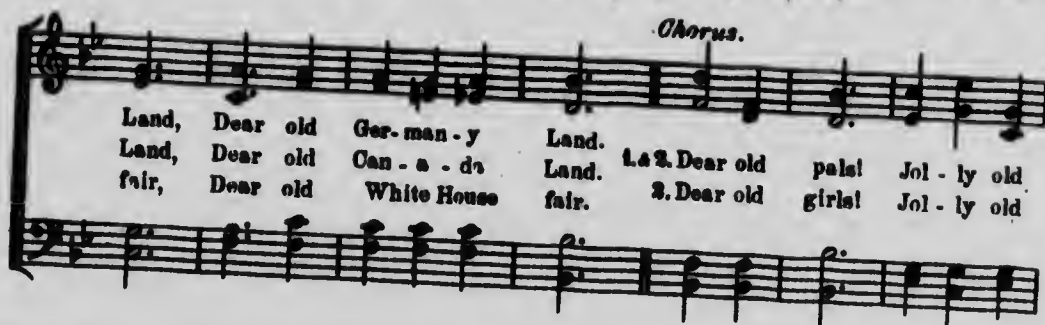
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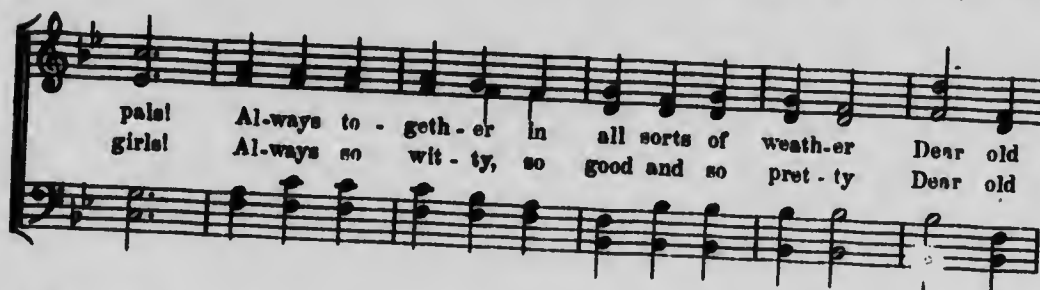
1. Ger - man - y, Land where the sau - er-kraut grows! Ger - man - y
 2. Can - a - da, Land of the ice and the snows! Can - a - da
 3. White House fair the pride of our lives! White House



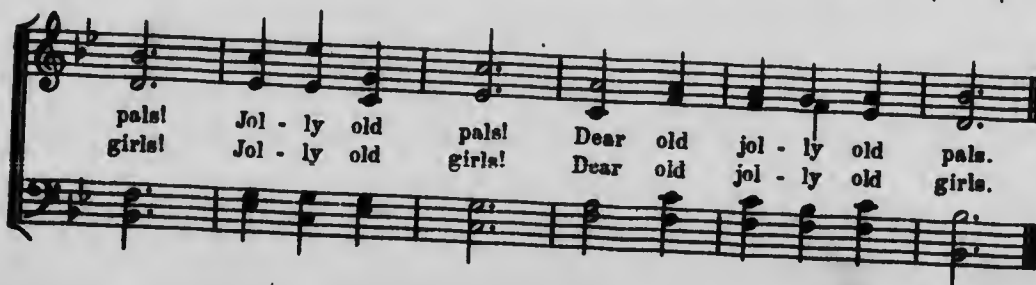
Land where the lag - er beer flows Give me a home in old Ger - man - y
 Land where the ma - ple tree grows Give me a home in old Can - a - da
 fair where we seek for our wives Give me a girl from the White House



Chorus.
 Land, Dear old Ger - man - y Land. 1. & 2. Dear old pals! Jol - ly old
 Land, Dear old Can - a - da Land. 3. Dear old girls! Jol - ly old
 fair, Dear old White House fair.



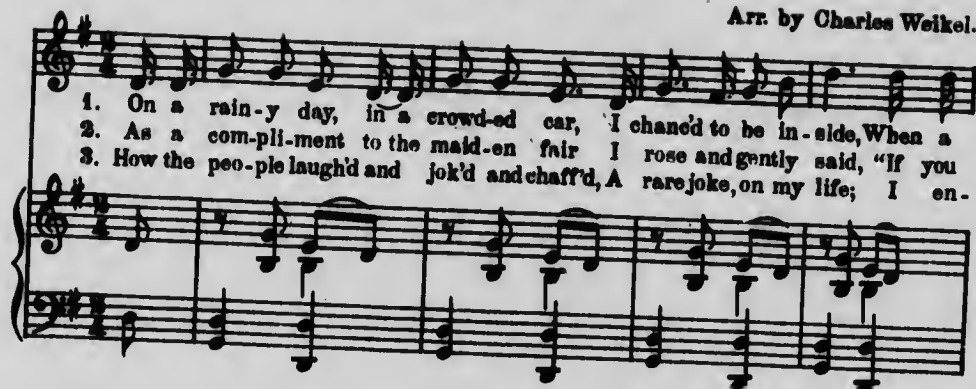
pals! Al - ways to - geth - er in all sorts of weath - er Dear old
 girls! Al - ways so wit - ty, so good and so pret - ty Dear old



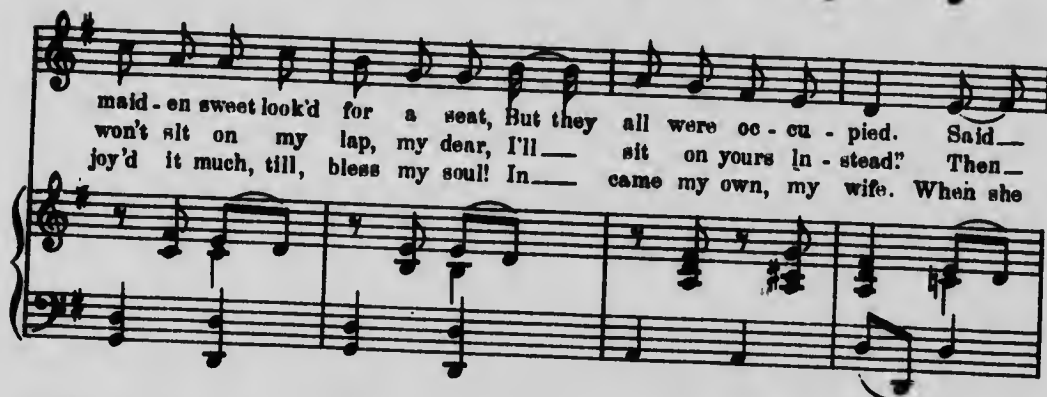
pals! Jol - ly old pals! Dear old jol - ly old pals.
 girls! Jol - ly old girls! Dear old jol - ly old girls.

'BLIGE THE LADY.

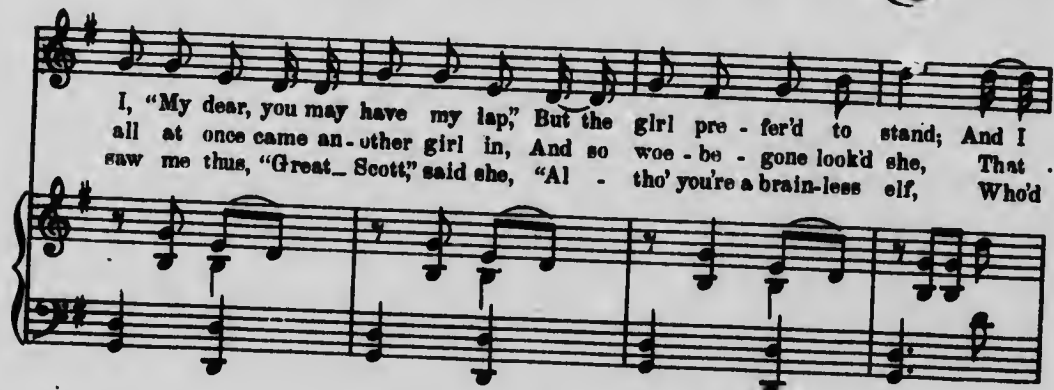
Arr. by Charles Weikel.



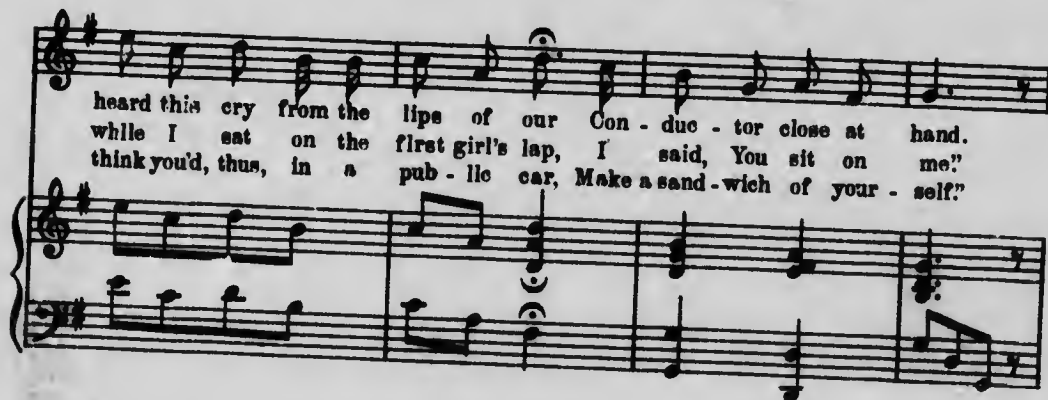
1. On a rain-y day, in a crowd-ed car, I chanced to be in-side, When a
 2. As a com-pli-ment to the maid-en fair I rose and gently said, "If you
 3. How the peo-ple laugh'd and jok'd and chaff'd, A rare joke, on my life; I en-



maid-en sweet look'd for a seat, But they all were oc-cu-pied. Said—
 won't sit on my lap, my dear, I'll— sit on yours in- stead? Then—
 joy'd it much, till, bless my soul! In— came my own, my wife. When she



I, "My dear, you may have my lap," But the girl pre-fer'd to stand; And I
 all at once came an- other girl in, And so woe-be-gone look'd she, That
 saw me thus, "Great- Scott," said she, "Al- tho' you're a brain-less elf, Who'd



heard this cry from the lips of our Con-duc-tor close at hand.
 while I sat on the first girl's lap, I said, You sit on me."
 think you'd, thus, in a pub-lic car, Make a sand-wich of your-self?"

'Blige the la-dy, 'blige the la-dy, 'blige the la-dy, sir? Said I, "Old chap, she may

have my lap, But I won't stand up for her." And a lit-tie fat man, with a

lit-tie fat voice, In the op-po-site cor-ner cried: "If a full-sized lap ain't e-

nough for her Let the la-dy ride out-side, Let the la-dy ride out-side.

BINGO FARM.

(As sung at Mount Allison.)

Arranged by Roy Hall Wheeler '08.

Here's to old Mt. A. drink her down, drink her down; Here's to old Mt. A. drink her

down, drink her down; Here's to old Mt. A. she's so hearty and so gay. Oh!

here's to old Mt. A. — drink her down, down, down, Rolling home, rolling home, roll - ing

home, roll - ing home, roll - ing home by the light of the moon, of the moon; For —

man - y are the hearts that are wear - y to - night, as we go roll - ing home. I

had a girl she lov'd me, she thought she was a - bove me And out the door she

shov'd me 'way down on her Bin-go farm. Balm of Gi-le-ad, Gi-le-ad,

Balm of Gi-le-ad, Gi-le-ad, Balm of Gi-le-ad 'way down on the Bin-go farm.

B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, B-I-N-G-O, 'way down on the Bin-go farm.

THREE LITTLE KITTENS.

Chant.

1, 2, 3. Once upon a time there were three little kittens who lay in a basket of saw-aw-dust;

After last stanza.

Said the { first
second
third } little kitten un-to the { other two
little cats, } { If you don't get
out of this, then } I — must! *That's all.*

LUCEM PETIMUS.

Words by Rev. W. W. Andrews, LL.D.

Music by Isaac B. Woodbury.

1. Lord God of Truth, be - fore whose face The splendours
of the sun are dim, The glo - ries of whose mind en -
thrall En - rap - tured seer and se - ra - phim, Be Thou our
guide, as scho-lars here, We seek for light, we seek for light.

2. By happy lure of book and sage,
Thro' fancy's world of fleeting form,
By gracious learning's wealth of wage
Thro' lives kept pure by Truth, blood warm,
Thou givest e'er a great delight
To scholars true, who love the light.

3. Our busy fingers fain would solve
The webs Thy fancy weaveth still;
Our puny minds Thy thoughts repeat;
In whispered tones we hear Thy will;
Thro' Nature's twilight glooms we peer,
In search for light, in search for light.

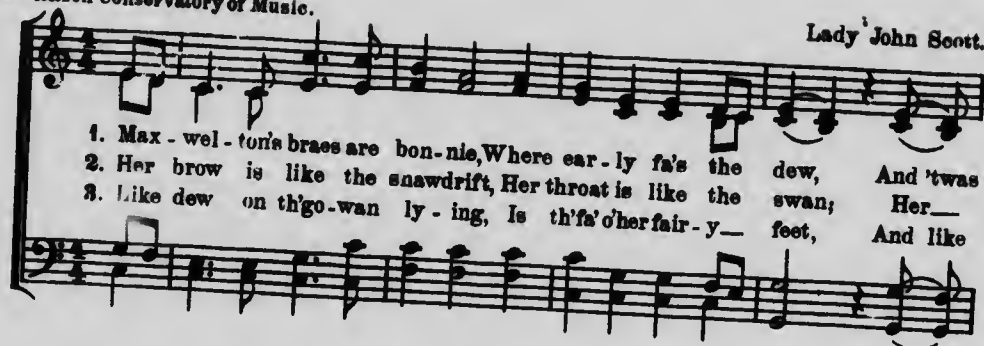
4. The problems of our pregnant age
Insistent stand and plead with all;
The sore-vexed heart of human kind
Reveals our duty and Thy call.
We place our heart by human woe,
And find the light, and find the light.

5. Great God of Truth, Thy cross has crowned
Thee Lord of all the realms of mind;
The noblest truth of life is love;
And when the brotherheart we find
Thy splendours fall on earthly life,
For love is light, for love is light.

ANNIE LAURIE.

Arranged by Prof. Horsfall,
Mount Allison Conservatory of Music.

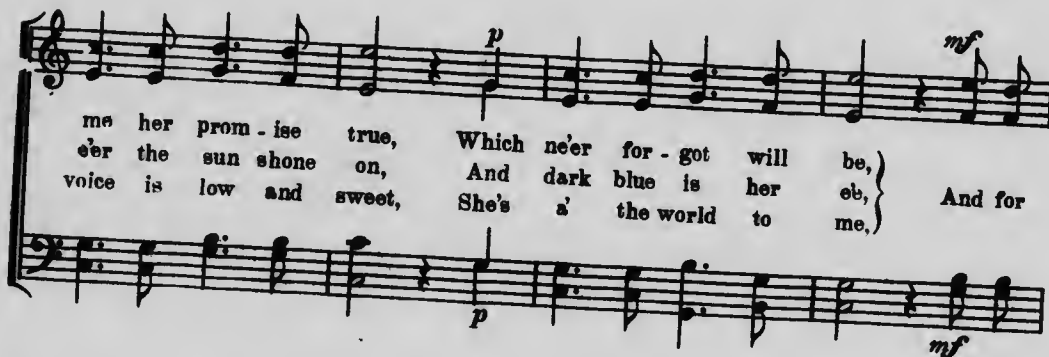
Lady John Scott.



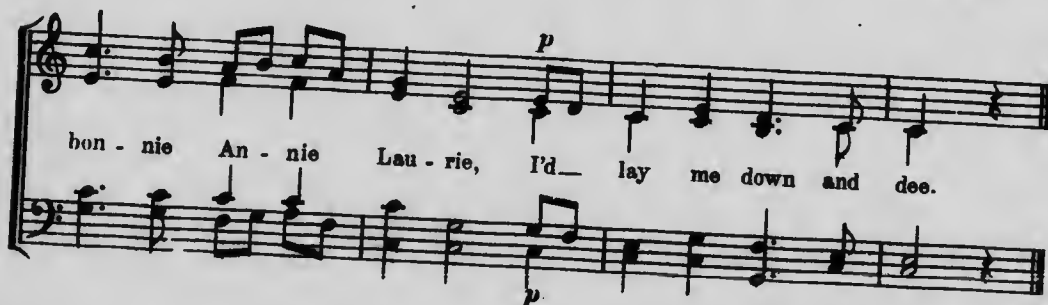
1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, And 'twas
2. Her brow is like the snawdrift, Her throat is like the swan; Her—
3. Like dew on th'go-wan ly - ing, Is th'fa'd'her fair - y— feet, And like



there that An - nie Lau - rie Gave me her prom - ise true, Gave
face it is the fair - est That e'er the sun shone on, That
winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and sweet, Her



me her prom - ise true, Which ne'er for - got will be,
e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her eb,
voice is low and sweet, She's a' the world to me, And for



bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie, I'd— lay me down and dee.

ALT HEIDELBERG.

Moderato.

1. Alt Hei - del - berg du Fei - ne, Du Stadt an Eh - ren
kommt aus lin - dem Sü - den Der Früh - ling ü - ber's
reich, Am Nec - kar und am Rhei - ne Kein an - d're kommt dir
Land, So webt er dir aus Blü - ten Ein schlim - mernd Braut - ge -
gleich. Stadt früh - li - cher Ge - sel - len, An Weis - heit schwer und
wand. Auch mir stehst du ge - schrie - ben In's Herz gleich ei - ner
p Wein, Klar ziehn des Stromes Wel - len, Blau - äug - lein blit - zen d'rein, Blau -
Braut, Es klingt wie jun - ges Lie - ben Dein Na - me mir so traut, Dein
äug - lein blit - zen drein. 2. Und
Na - me mir so traut. 3. Und ste - chen mich die
Dor - nen, Und wird mir's draus zu kühl, Geb' ich dem Ross die -
Spor - nen Und reit' in's Nec - kar - thal, Und reit' in's Nec - kar - thal.

*) The small notes for verse 2.

MY DEAR OLD ALMA MATER.

Words by W. M. T.

Tune: "Alt Heidelberg du Feine."

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1. My dear old <i>Alma Mater</i> ,
So famous near and far,
Sits on the sloping hillside
Above the Tantramar. | 4. There are no finer maidens
For beauty or for fun,
Than those who are our classmates
At old Mount Allison. |
| 2. There with my merry comrades,
The days go fleeting on;
I wish my years were longer
At old Mount Allison. | 5. And when I've got my parchment,
And College days are done,
I'll see my friends at "closing,"
At old Mount Allison. |
| 3. In both debate and football,
We many times have won;
We "play the game" like sportsmen,
At old Mount Allison. | 6. My dear old <i>Alma Mater</i> ,
So famous near and far,
Sits on the sloping hillside
Above the Tantramar. |

RECESSIONAL AND BENEDICTION.

67

This is a north-of-England song in which the tavern-keeper is represented as interrupting his guests who are singing, with the announcement that it is closing time. It is here printed as having a local application to the un-welcome, ten-o'clock reception-bell.

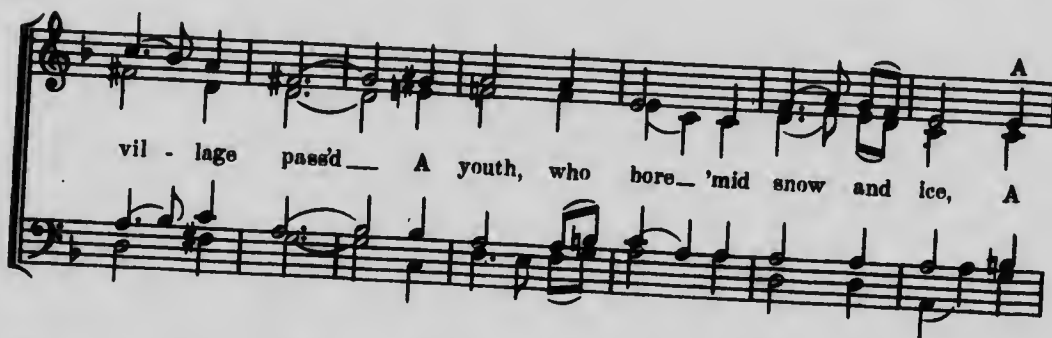
Words from the Poets.

Patetico. (*Expression to taste.*)

Music by A. A. Ashworth.



The shades of night were fall - ing fast As thro' an Al - pine



vil - lage pass'd — A youth, who bore — 'mid snow and ice, A



ban - ner with the strange de vice What!

ban - ner with the strange de vice: *ad lib.* Time gentlemen please. Time

What!



What! "Time?" — Then Good - night, — Good - night.

— please — Time — Then Good - night, — Then Good - night, Good-night.

What! "Time?" Then Good-night, Good - . night.

*) This may be sung by one Tenor or by all — or by any Bass with a sufficiently raucous voice.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE LEGEND.

Words by W. W. A.

1. Ma - ry made a lit - tle - pie, lit - tle pie, lit - tle pie,
2. Ma - ry made an om - e - lette, om - e - lette, om - e - lette,

Ma - ry made a lit - tle pie, its crust was ve - ry tough, But
Ma - ry made an om - e - lette and she for - got the spice, But

Ma - ry's bro - ther ate it all, ate it all, ate it all,
Ma - ry's lit - tle the - o - logue, the - o - logue, the - o - logue,

Ma - ry's bro - ther ate it all and could - n't get e - nough.
Ma - ry's lit - tle the - o - logue, he tho't it ve - ry nice.

3. Mary dressed a turkey dear, turkey dear, turkey dear,
Mary dressed a turkey dear, 'twas very décolletée;
With sorrow and with onion peel, onion peel, onion peel,
With sorrow and with onion peel, her pretty eyes were wet.
4. Making then her oven hot, oven hot, oven hot,
Making then her oven hot, by turning on the gas;
She basted it with H₂O, H₂O, H₂O,
She basted it with H₂O, and served it to the class.
5. Most are 'live to tell the tale, tell the tale, tell the tale,
Most are 'live to tell the tale, and some are struggling still
With problems of Domestic Sci, Domestic Sci, Domestic Sci,
With problems of Domestic Sci with desperate good will.
6. All honor to the Household Art, Household Art, Household Art,
All honor to the Household Art, which makes our homes so bright;
It saves the purse and fills the heart, fills the heart, fills the heart,
It saves the purse and fills the heart with all a home's delight.
7. A cake recital Mary gave, Mary gave, Mary gave,
A cake recital Mary gave, the "Upper Crust" were there;
The ladies said "How very light," very light, very light,
The ladies said "How very light," the doctors said "Beware."

MARY HAD A WILLIAM-GOAT

To the tune of "Domestic Science Legend"

1. Mary had a William goat, William goat, William goat;
Mary had a William goat, its stomach was lined with zinc.
2. He followed her to school one day, school one day, school one day;
He followed her to school one day, and drank a quart of ink.
3. One day he ate an oyster can, oyster can, oyster can;
One day he ate an oyster can, and a clothes line full of shirts.
4. The shirts can do no harm inside, harm inside, harm inside;
The shirts can do no harm inside, but the oyster can.
5. The can was filled with dynamite, dynamite, dynamite;
The can was filled with dynamite, which Billy thought was cheese.
6. He rubbed against poor Mary's side, Mary's side, Mary's side;
He rubbed against poor Mary's side, the awful pain to ease.
7. A sudden flash of goat and girl, goat and girl, goat and girl;
A sudden flash of goat and girl, and they no more were seen.
8. Mary's : soul : to : heaven went, heaven went, heaven went;
Mary's : soul : to : heaven went, and Billy's went to—
(To be sung slowly)
Whoop de doodle doodle do, doodle do, doodle do;
(To be sung quickly)
Whoop de doodle doodle do, and Billy's went there too.

LEVEE SONG.

Mixed Quartet.

Quartet.

Solo. I'm wuk-kin' on de le-vee;

1. I once did know A girl nam'd Grace—

Quartet.

Solo. O' wuk-kin' on de le-vee.

She done brung me to dis sad dis-grace

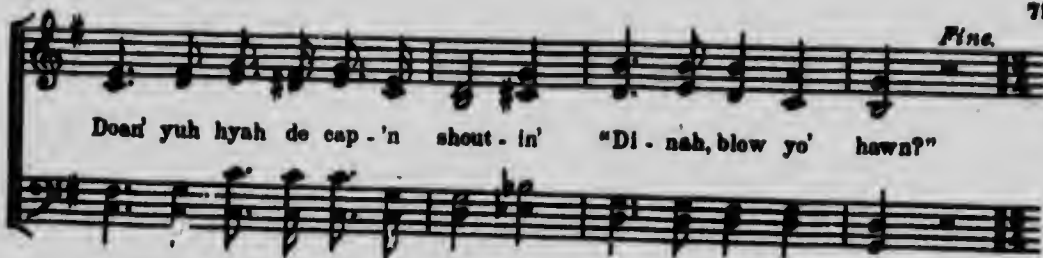
Chorus.

I been wuk-kin' on de rail-road All de live-long day;

I been wuk-kin' on de rail-road Ter pass de time a-way.

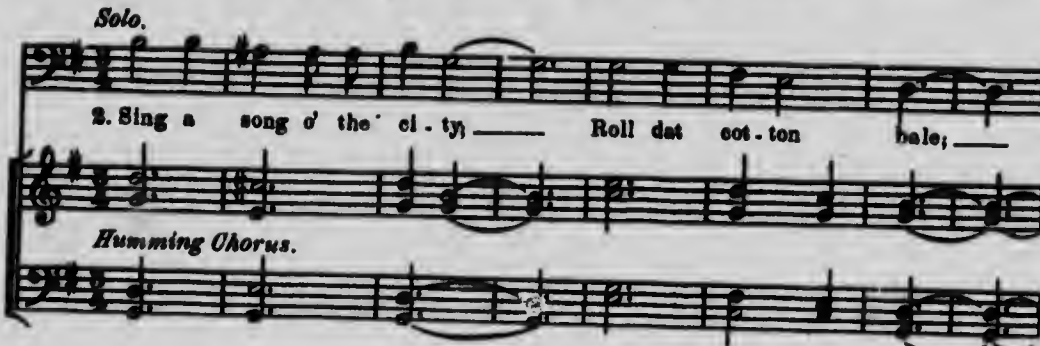
Doan' yuh hyah de whis-tle blow-in? Rise up, so uh-ly in de mawn;

Fine.




Doan' yuh hyah de cap - 'n shout - in' "Di - nah, blow yo' hawn?"

Solo.



2. Sing a song o' the ci - ty, — Roll dat cot - ton bale, —

Humming Chorus.

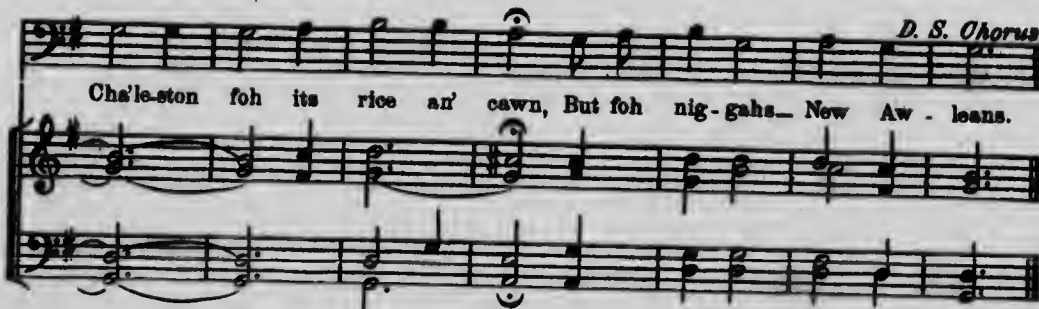


Nig-gah ain' half so hap - py — As when he's out o' jail.



Nor - folk foh its oy - stah - shells, Bos - ton foh its beans. —

D. S. Chorus.



Chae - ston foh its rice an' cawn, But foh nig - gahs — New Aw - leans.

Spirited.

WHERE, O WHERE?

Sopr. & Alto.

1. Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh - men? Where, O where are the
2. Where, O where are the gal - ly Soph - mores? Where, O where are the

Tenor & Bass.

ver - dant Fresh - men? Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh - men?
gal - ly Soph - mores? Where, O where are the gal - ly Soph - mores?

Safe now in the Soph - more Class. They've gone out from Fresh - man
Safe now in the Jun - ior Class. They've gone out from Con - ic -

Phys - ics, They've gone out from Fresh - man Phys - ics, They've gone
Sect - ions, They've gone out from Con - ic - Sect - ions, They've gone

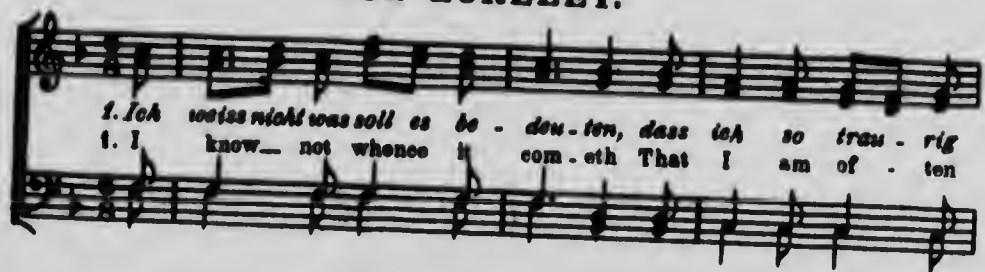
out from Fresh - man Phys - ics, Safe now in the Soph - more Class.
out from Con - ic - Sect - ions, Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.

3. ♩ Where, O where are the jolly Juniors? ♩
Safe now in the Senior Class.
♩ They've gone out from Doc A's Logic, ♩
Safe now in the Senior Class.

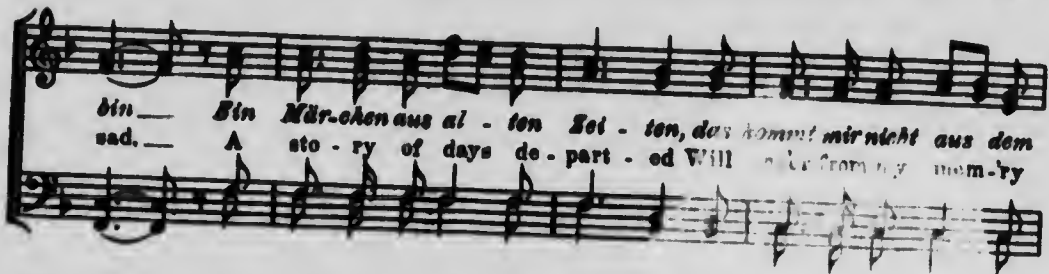
4. ♩ Where, O where are the stately Seniors? ♩
Safe now in the wide, wide world.
♩ They've gone out from their Alma Mater, ♩
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

DIE LORELEY.

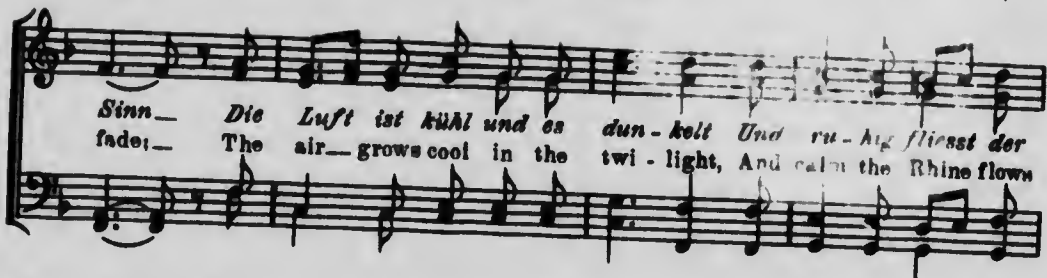
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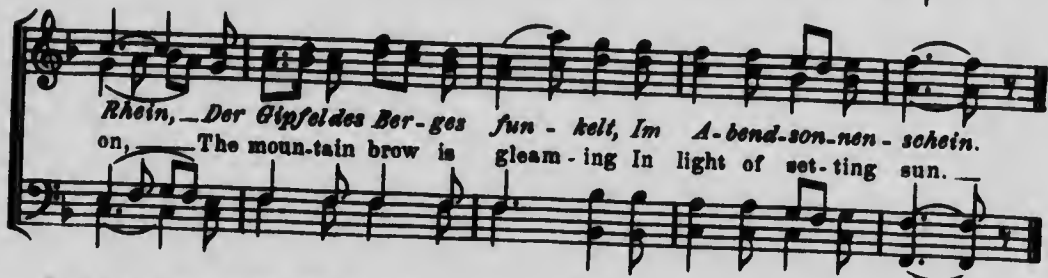
1. Ich weiss nicht was soll es be - deu - ten, dass ich so trau - rig
1. I know — not whence it com - eth That I am of - ten



bin — Ein Mär - chen aus al - ten Zei - ten, das kommt mir nicht aus dem
sad. — A sto - ry of days de - part - ed Will not come from my mem - ry



Sinn — Die Luft ist kühl und es dun - kelt Und ru - hig fliesst der
fade: — The air — grows cool in the twi - light, And calm the Rhine flows



Rhein, — Der Gipfel des Ber - ges fun - kelt, Im A - bend - son - nen - schein.
on, The moun - tain brow is gleam - ing In light of set - ting sun.

2. Die schönste Jungfrau sitzet
Dort oben wunderbar
Ihr gold'nes Geschmeide blitzet
Sie kämmt ihr gold'nes Haar.
Sie kämmt es mit gold'ner Kamme
Und singt ein Lied dabei
Das hat eine wundersame
Gewalt'ge Melodei.

2. On yonder height there sitteth
A maiden wondrous fair,
Her golden jewels sparkle
She combs her golden hair,
With comb of gold she combs it,
And sings so plaintively,
A strain of wondrous beauty,
A potent melody.

3. Den Schiffer im kleinem Schiffe
Ergreift es mit wildem Weh;
Er schaut nicht die Felsenriffe,
Er schaut nur hinauf in die Höh'
Ich glaube die Wellen verschlingen
Am Ende Schiffer und Kahn;
Und das hat mit ihrem Singen
Die Lorelei gethan.

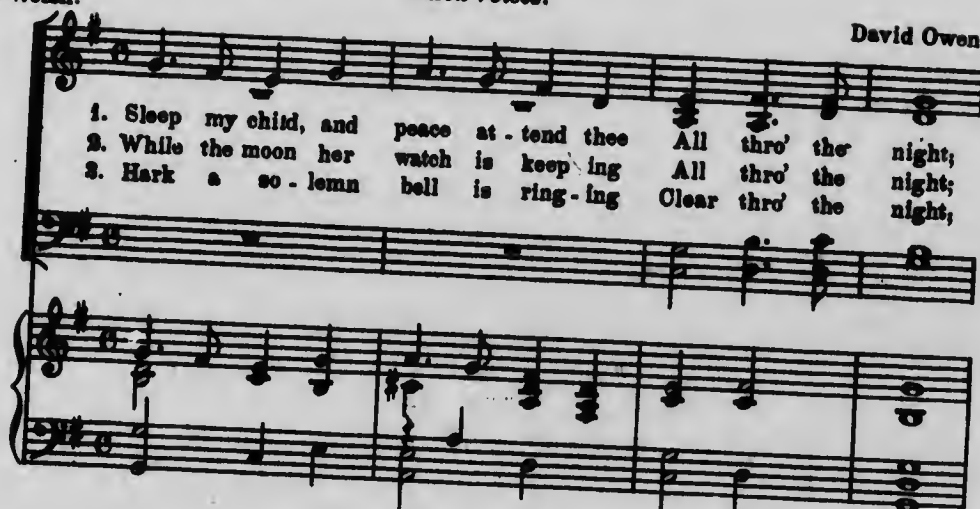
3. In tiny skiff the boatman,
Is seized with a wild, wild woe,
He gazeth on high unceasing,
He heeds not the cliffs below;
I fear me the skiff and boatman
Will both 'neath the waters drown,
And this, with her wondrous singing,
The Loreley has done.

ALL THRO' THE NIGHT.

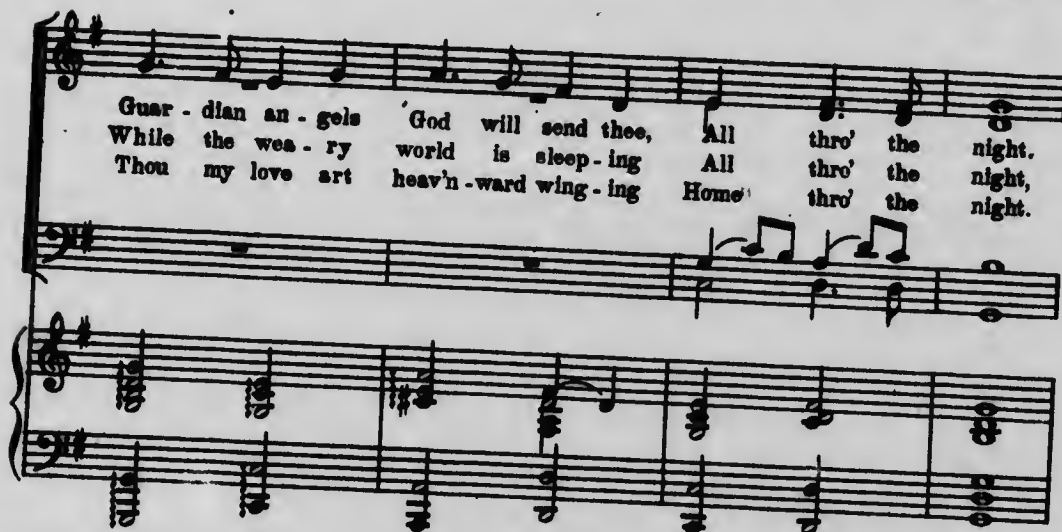
Old Welsh.

Mixed Voices.

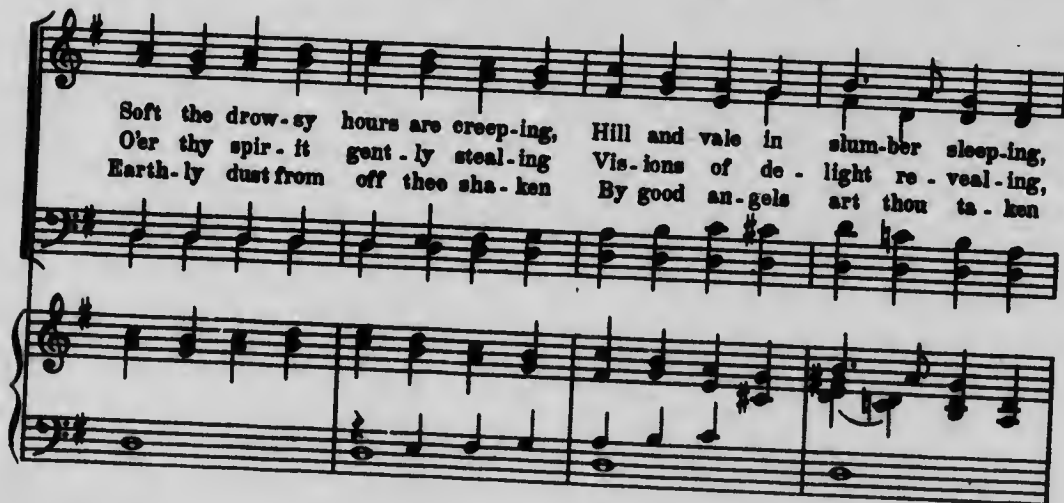
David Owen.



1. Sleep my child, and peace at - tend thee All thro' the night;
 2. While the moon her watch is keep - ing All thro' the night;
 3. Hark a so - lemn bell is ring - ing Clear thro' the night;



Guar - dian an - gels God will send thee, All thro' the night,
 While the wea - ry world is sleep - ing All thro' the night,
 Thou my love art heav'n - ward wing - ing Home thro' the night.



Soft the drow - sy hours are creep - ing, Hill and vale in slum - ber sleep - ing,
 O'er thy spir - it gent - ly steal - ing, Vis - ions of de - light re - veal - ing,
 Earth - ly dust from off thee sha - ken By good an - gels art thou ta - ken

I my lov - ing vig - il keep - ing, All thro' the night.
 Breathes a pure and ho - ly feel - ing All thro' the night.
 Soul im - mor - tal shalt thou wa - ken Home thro' the night.

TWO LITTLE FLIES.

W. B. Olds.

Tenors.
 Two lit-tle flies, Two lit-tle flies,
 Two lit-tle flies, Two lit-tle flies, Two lit-tle flies,
 mo - las-ses cup,
 There were two lit-tle flies in a mo-las-ses cup, a mo-las-ses cup,
 mo - las-ses cup, There were
 They were so — stuck up.
 in a mo-las-ses cup, But they could not speak, they were so — stuck up.
 two lit-tle flies

ALMA MATER O.

First Voices.

1. We're gath-er'd now, my class-mates, to join our part-ing

Chorus.

77

Oh! Al-ma Mater O,— Oh! Al-ma Mater O— But ere we start we'll

drink the health of Alma Mater O.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble and bass clefs) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The third system also continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

2. No more for us yon tuneful bell shall ring for morning prayers,
No more to that dear chapel small we'll mount yon attic stairs;
Our recitations all are passed— Alumnuses, you know,
We'll swell the praises long and loud of Alma Mater O. — *Cho.*
3. We go to taste the joys of life, like bubbles on its tide,
Now glittering in its sunbeams, and dancing in their pride;
But bubble-like they'll break and burst, and leave us sad, you know,
There's none so sweet as memory of Alma Mater O. — *Cho.*
4. Hither we came with hearts of joy, with joy we now will part,
And give to each the parting grasp, which speaks a brother's heart;
United firm in pleasing words, which can no breaking know,
For Mount A. men can ne'er forget their Alma Mater O. — *Cho.*
5. Then brush the tear-drop from your eye, and happy let us be,
For joy alone should fill the hearts of those as blest as we;
One cheerful chorus, ringing loud, we'll give before we go,
The memory of college days and Alma Mater O,
Oh! Alma Mater O, Oh! Alma Mater O,
Hurrah! hurrah! for college days and Alma Mater O.

RULE BRITANNIA.

Words by Thomson and Mallet.

Tune by Dr. Arne.

1. When Bri-tain first, at Heaven's command, A-rose from out the

a-sure main, A-rose from out, a-rose from out the a-sure main, This was the

char-ter, the charter of the land, And guardian an-gels sang this strain:

Chorus.

"Rule, Bri-tannia! Bri-tannia rule the waves! Bri-tons nev-er shall be slaves."

2. The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all. — *Chorus.*

3. Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak. — *Chorus.*

4. The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair,
Blest Isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair. — *Chorus.*

WE MEET AGAIN TO-NIGHT.

79

Quartet.

Tenors.

Let mel-o-dy flow, —

1. We meet a gain to - night, boys, with mirth and song;

Let

2. Where hand to hand its greet - ing so kind - ly gives,

Let

Basses.

Wher - ev - er we go, —

mel-o - dy flow,

mel-o - dy flow,

Wher - ev - er we go, We dwell in friend-ship,

Wher - ev - er we go, Where hope is nev - er

ev - er so true and strong, And sor - row nev - er know.

dy - ing, and friend-ship lives, True hearts will ev - er know.

1.

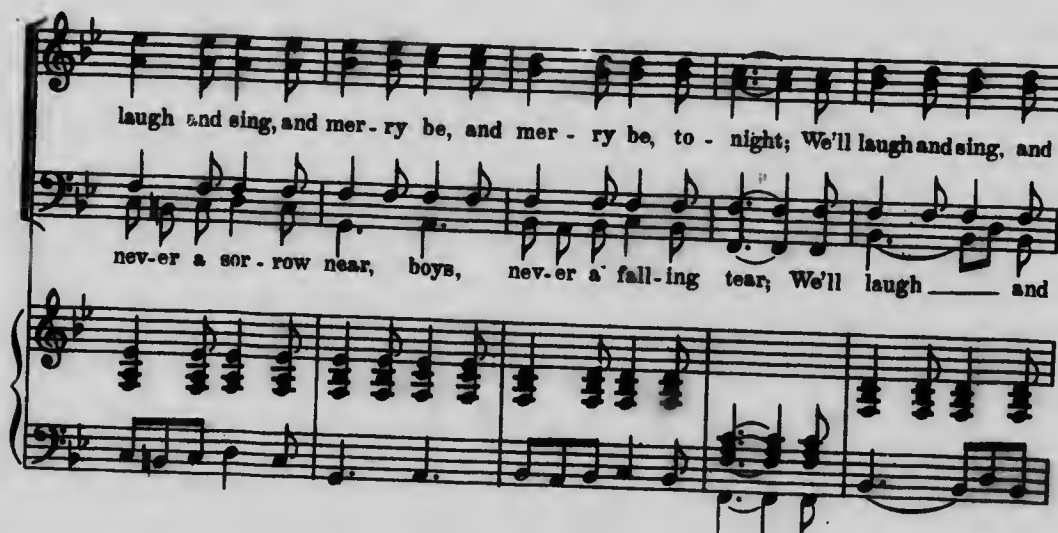
2.

1.

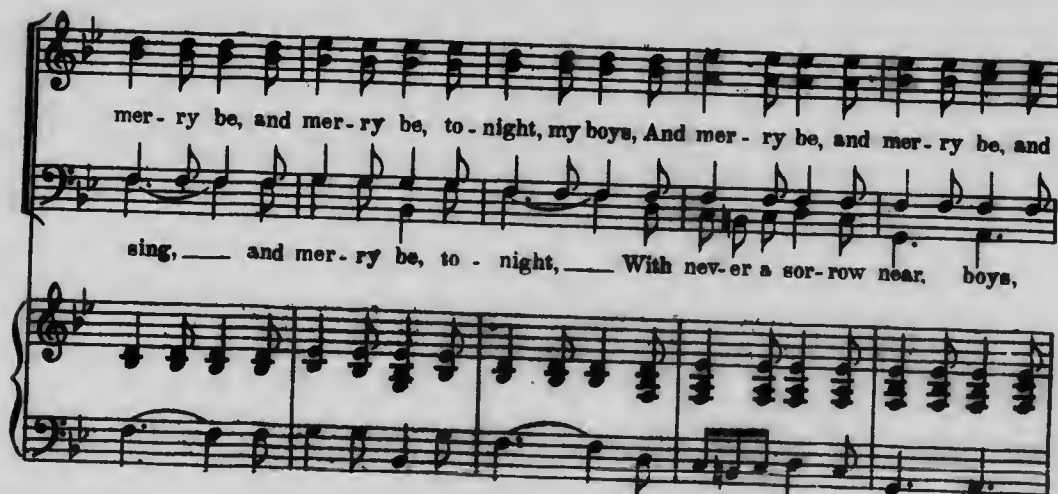
2.

Chorus.


We'll laugh and sing, and mer-ry be, and mer-ry be, to - night, my boys, We'll
We'll laugh _____ and sing, _____ and mer-ry be, to night, _____ With



laugh and sing, and mer-ry be, and mer-ry be, to - night; We'll laugh and sing, and
nev-er a sor-row near, boys, nev-er a fall-ing tear; We'll laugh _____ and



mer-ry be, and mer-ry be, to - night, my boys, And mer-ry be, and mer-ry be, and
sing, _____ and mer-ry be, to - night, _____ With nev-er a sor-row near, boys,

mer-ry be. — Wel-come the time, my boys, — we meet a - gain. —

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

Andante.

Music by Johanna Kinkle.

Tenors. *p*

1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part-ing kiss I give thee; And
 2. Ne'er more may I be-hold thee, Or to this heart en-fold thee; With
 3. I think of thee with long-ing, Think thou, when tears are throng-ing, That

Basses. *p*

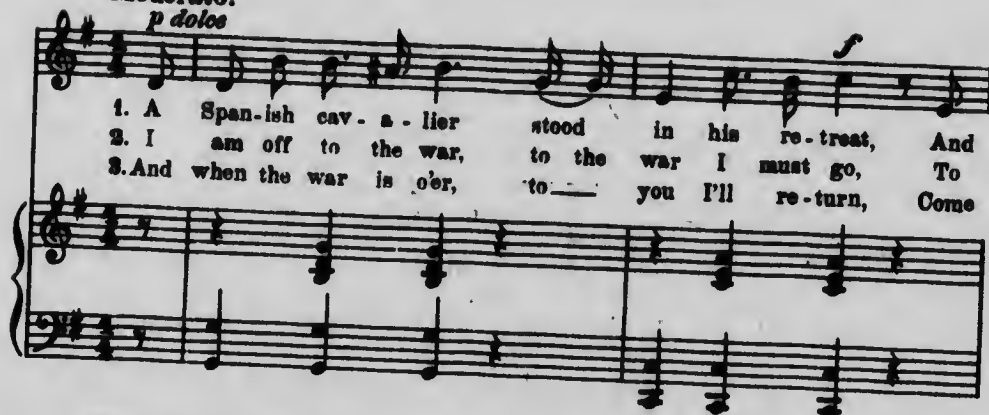
then what-e'er be-falls me, I go where hon-or calls me. Fare -
 spear and pen-non glanc-ing, I see the foe ad-vanc-ing. Fare -
 with my last faint sigh-ing. I'll whis-per soft, while dy-ing. Fare -

Tranquillo e molto espress.

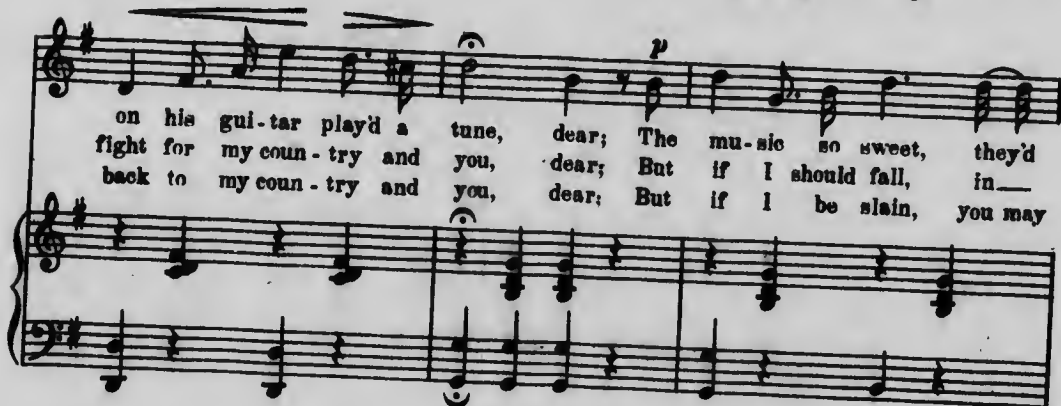
well, fare-well, my own true love; Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love.

THE SPANISH CAVALIER.

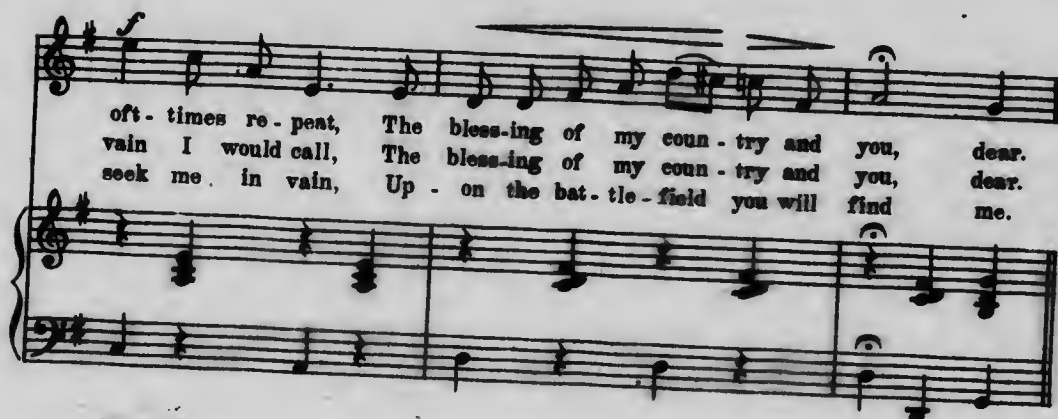
Moderato.
p dolc



1. A Span-ish cav - a - lier stood in his re - treat, And
 2. I am off to the war, to the war I must go, To
 3. And when the war is o'er, to — you I'll re - turn, Come



on his gui - tar play'd a tune, dear; The mu - sic so sweet, they'd
 fight for my coun - try and you, dear; But if I should fall, in—
 back to my coun - try and you, dear; But if I be slain, you may



oft - times re - peat, The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
 vain I would call, The bless - ing of my coun - try and you, dear.
 seek me in vain, Up - on the bat - tle - field you will find me.

Chorus.



Say, dar - ling, say, when I'm far a - way, Some - times you may think of me, dear,

Bright sun-ny days will soon fade a-way, Re-mem-ber what I say, and be true, dear.

OLD BLACK JOE.

Poco Adagio.

Words and Music by Stephen C. Foster.


1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
 2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 3. Where are the hearts once so hap-py and so free? The children dear, that I

cot-ton-fields a-way; Gone from the earth to a bet-ter land I know, I
 friends come not a-gain? Griev-ing for forms now de-part-ed long a-go, I
 held up-on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go, I



Chorus.
 hear their gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com-ing, I'm com-ing, For my

head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen-tle voi-ces call-ing, "Old Black Joe!"


LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.




1. Come, land-lord, fill the flow-ing bowl, Un - til it doth run
 2. The man that drinks good whis-key punch, And goes to bed right
 3. The man whodrinks cold wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite



o - ver, Come, land-lord, fill the flow-ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver.
 mel-low, Lives as — he — ought to live, And dies a jol - ly fel-low.
 so - ber, Falls as — the — leaves do fall, So, ear - ly in Oc - to - ber.




Chorus.



For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,

For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, To - mor - row we'll be so - ber.



4. But he who drinks just what he likes,
 And getteth "half seas over,"
 Will live until he dies, perhaps,
 And then lie down in clover. — *Chorus.*

5. A pretty girl that gets a kiss,
 And goes and tells her mother,
 Does a very foolish thing,
 And don't deserve another. — *Chorus.*

Alfred Tennyson.

SWEET AND LOW.

Larghetto.

J. Barnby.

Sopr. *pp*

Alto.

1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low, —
 2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on

Tenor.

Bass. *pp*

f *p* O - ver the roll - ing
 Fa - ther will come to his

breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; — O - - ver the
 moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - - ther will

O - ver the roll - ing
 Fa - ther will come to his

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, *f*

wa - ters go, Come — from the moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
 come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of — the west, Un - der the sil - ver

wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow,
 babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west,

Come — from the moon and blow, *f*
 Sil - ver sails out of the west,

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*

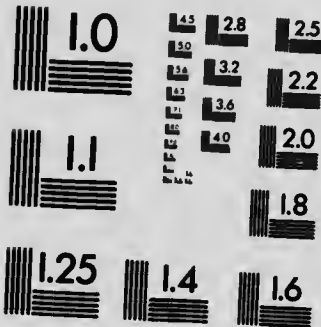
me, — While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps. —
 moon: Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep. —

p *rall. e dim.* *pp*



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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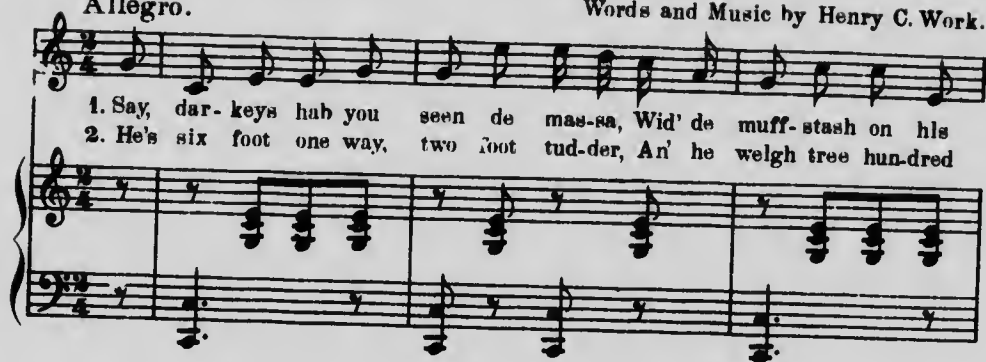
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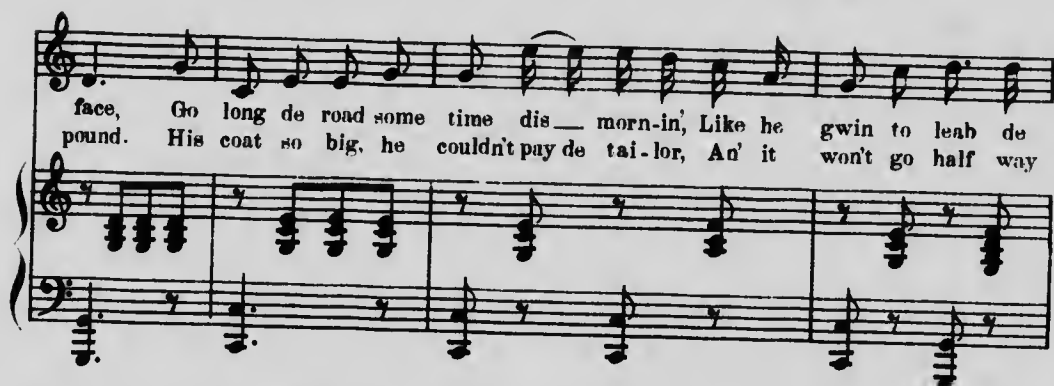
KINGDOM COMING.

Allegro.

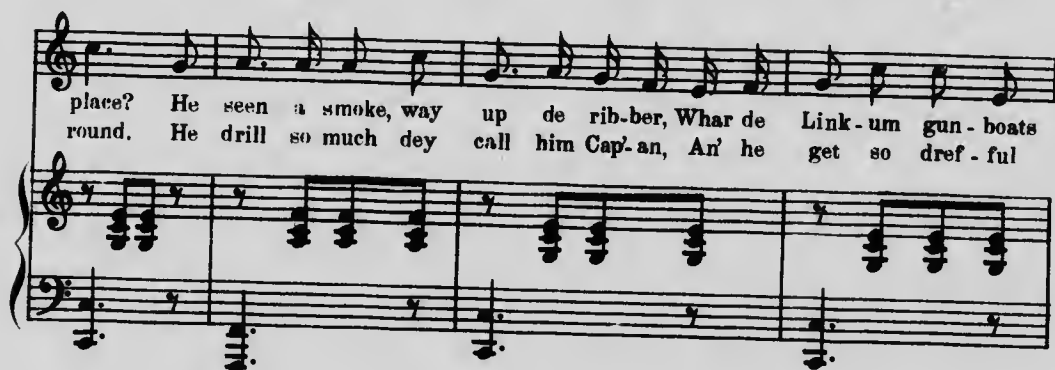
Words and Music by Henry C. Work.



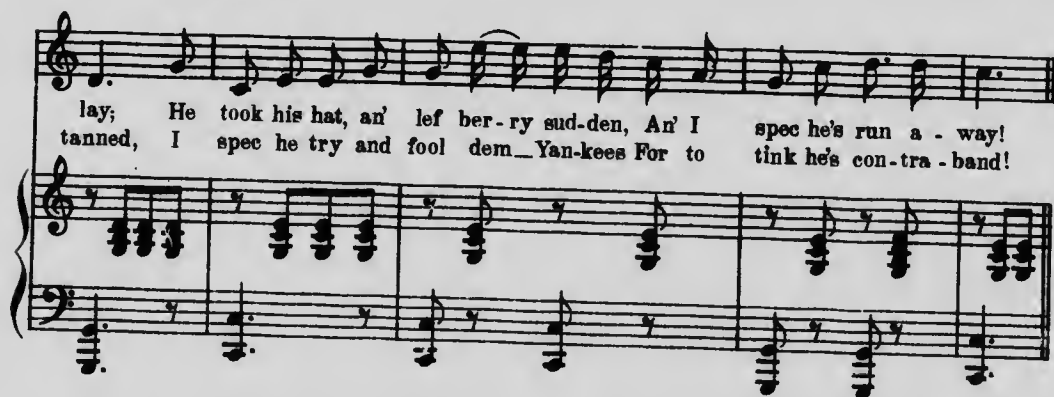
1. Say, dar- keys hab you seen de mas-sa, Wid' de muff-stash on his
2. He's six foot one way, two foot tud-der, An' he welgh tree hun-dred



face, Go long de road some time dis— morn-in', Like he gwin to leab de
pound. His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tai-lor, An' it won't go half way



place? He seen a smoke, way up de rib-ber, Whar de Link-um gun-boats
round. He drill so much dey call him Cap-an, An' he get so dref-ful



lay, He took his hat, an' lef ber-ry sud-den, An' I spec he's run a-way!
tanned, I spec he try and fool dem—Yan-kees For to tink he's con-tra-band!

Chorus.

87

De mas - sa run, ha, ha! De dar - keys stay, ho, ho! It

mus' be now de kling-dom com-in', An' de year of Ju - bi - lo!

3. De darkeys feel so lonesome, libing
In de log-house on de lawn,
Dey move dar tings to massa's parlor,
For to keep it while he's gone.
Dar's wine an' elder in de kitchen.
An' de darkeys dey'll hab some;
I spose dey'll all be cornfiscated
When de Linkum sojers come. — *Cho.*

4. De oberseer he make us trouble,
An' he dribe us round a spell;
We lock him up in de smoke-house cellar.
Wid de key trown in de well.
De whip is lost, de handcuff broken,
But de massa'll hab his pay;
He's ole enough, big enough, ought to known better,
Dan to went an' run away. — *Cho.*

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

Sostenuto.

Tenors.

1. Good - night	la - dies! —	Good - night	la - dies! —	Good - night
2. Fare - well	la - dies! —	Fare - well	la - dies! —	Fare - well
3. Sweet dreams	la - dies! —	Sweet dreams	la - dies! —	Sweet dreams

Basses.

Allegro.

la - dies! — We're going to leave you now — Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long,

roll a - long, roll a - long, Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the cam - pus dear.

Repeat pp

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

Poco sostenuto.

Music by Mendelssohn.

1. Es ist be-stimmt in Got - tes Rat, dass man vom Lieb - sten
 2. So dir ge-schenkein Knöp - lein was, so thu' es in ein
 3. Und hat dir Gott ein Lieb' be-schert, und hältst du sie recht

was man hat, muss schei - den
 Was - ser - glas; doch wis - se
 in - nig werth, die Dei - ne

Wie wohl doch nichts im
 Blüht mor - gen dir ein
 Es wird wohl we - nig

Lauf der Welt dem Her - zen, ach, so sau - er fällt, als schei - den,
 Rös - lein auf, es welkt wohl schon die Nacht da-rauf, das wis - se,
 Zeit nur sein, so lässt sie dich so gar al - lein; dann wei - ne,

ja schei - den!
 ja wis - se!
 ja wei - ne!

Nun musst du mich auch recht ver-stehn,

p *mf* *cresc.* *f*

ja recht verstehn: wenn Menschen aus-ein - an-der gehn, so sa-gen sie: auf

p *mf* *cresc.* *f*

p

Wie - der-sehn! auf Wie - der-sehn! ja Wie - der - sehn!

p *pp*

WHEN FIRST I KISSED SWEET MARGUERITE.

1. When first I kiss'd sweet Marguerite, When first I kiss'd sweet Marguerite, She blush'd rose
2. Last night I kiss'd sweet Marguerite, Last night I kiss'd sweet Marguerite, She blush'd rose

1. 2.

red, and sternly said "You must-n't! stop!"
red, but simply said "You must - n't stop!"

HARK! I HEAR A VOICE.

Allegro.

Hark! I hear a voice,—'Way up in the moun-tain top, tlp-top, De-

- scend-ing down be - low, — De - scend-ing down be - low. — - low.

Chorus.

Let us all — u - nite in love, — Trust-ing

Let us all u nite in love,

in — the pow'rs a - bove. — Mer-ri-ly now we

Trusting in the pow'rs a - bove.

roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, we roll, Mer-ri-ly now we

roll, we roll, — O'er — the deep — blue — sea. —

A CAPITAL SHIP.

1. A cap-i - tal ship for an o - cean trip was the Wal - lop - ing Win - dow

Blind! No wind that blew dis - may'd her crew, or — troubled the cap - tain's

mind; The man at the wheel was made to feel Con - tempt for the wild - est

blow - ow - ow, Tho' it oft - en appear'd, when the gale had clear'd, That he'd been in his bunk be - low.

By permission.

Chorus.

First Tenor.

Second Tenor & First Bass.

Then blow, ye winds, heigh-ho!

A roving I will go! I'll stay no more on

Second Bass.

rit. - - a tempo

Eng-land's shore, So let the mu-sic play-ay-ay! I'm off in the morning train! I'll

cross the rag-ing main! I'm off to my love with a box-ing glove, Ten thousand miles a-way!

2. The bowwain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement too;
He played hop-sotch with the starboard watch,
While the captain, he tickled the crew!
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after rail-al-all,
And fired salutes with the captain's boots,
In the teeth of the howling gale!
Then blow, etc.
3. The captain sat on the commodore's hat
And dined, in a royal way,
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs
And gunnery bread each day.
And the cook was Dutch, and behaved as such;
For the diet he gave the crew-ew-ew
Was a number of tons of hot cross-buns
Served up with sugar and glue.
Then blow, etc.
4. All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubbly Uhdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee;
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats
As they dipped in the shiny sea.
Then blow, etc.
5. On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone. (care,
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much
So we cheerily put to see-ee-ee;
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.
Then blow, etc.

OLD COLLEGE CHUM.

Words by Lloyd Adams.

Tenors.

1. Old col - lege chum, dear col - lege chum, The days may come, the days may go, But
2. Thro' youth, thro' prime, and when the days Of har-vest time to us shall come, Thro'

Basses.

still my heart to mem-'ry clings, To those col - lege days of long a - go.
all we'll bear the mem-ries dear Of those gold - en days, old col - lege chum.

cresc. *p* *rit.* *cresc.* *p* *rit.*

CANADIANS LEAD THE VAN.

Words by W. W. A.

Tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp.

pp

1. C'a - dians marching to the
2. Pom - poms ratt-ling o'er the

Pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp.

tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp.

front, With heart-beat strong, To right the wrong,
veldt The mau-sers speak, The mor-tars shrek,

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp.

tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp.

Soon of war they'll bear the brunt, In cam - paign tough and
Now with bull - ets from the belt Their stead - y rif - les

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp.

tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp.

long. From our hearts and from our homes, And sun - ny
leak. Game of death it is they play, Will cease to

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp.

tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp.

skies, Where brave-ly flies Our free flag o'er fer - tile
beat, In bat - tle heat, Some brave hearts of whom we'll

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp.

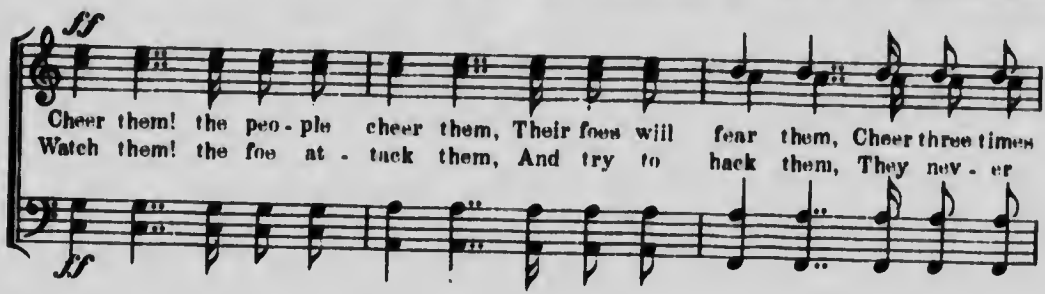
tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp-e - te, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp, tromp-e - te, tromp, tromp.



loans, They go to sac - ri - fies,
way The he - ro's death they meet.

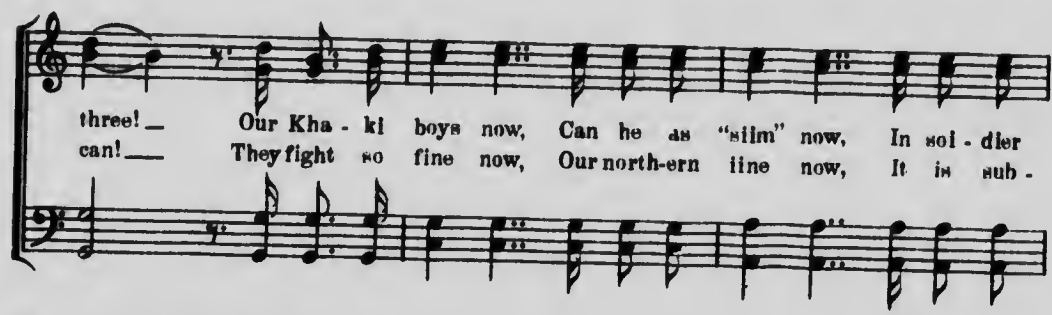
pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pom - pe - pe pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pom - pe - pom, pomp, pomp.

ff

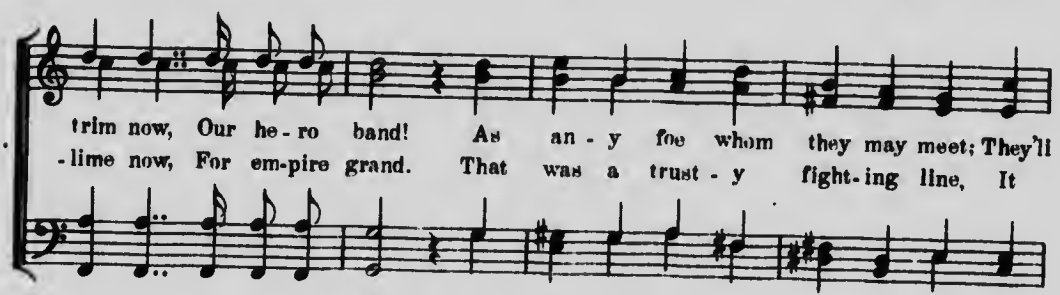


ff

Cheer them! the peo - ple cheer them, Their foes will fear them, Cheer three times
Watch them! the foe at - tack them, And try to hack them, They nev - er

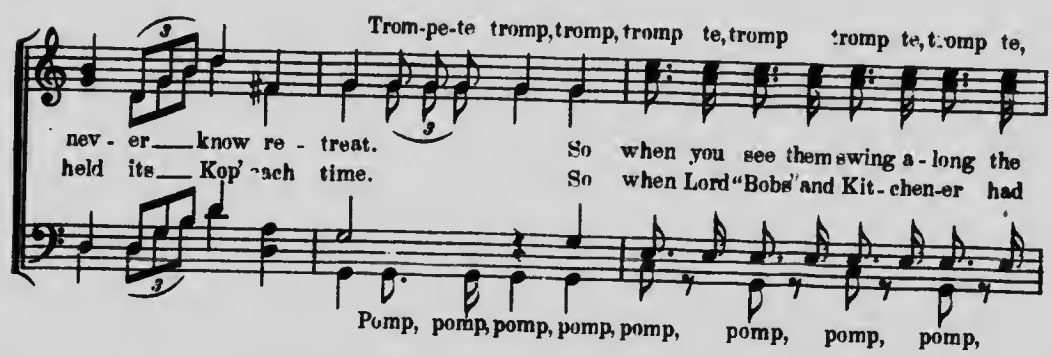


three! — Our Kha - ki boys now, Can he as "silm" now, In sol - dier
can! — They fight so fine now, Our north - ern line now, It is sub -



trilm now, Our he - ro band! As an - y foe whom they may meet; They'll
- lime now, For em - pire grand. That was a trust - y fight - ing line, It

Trom - pe - te tromp, tromp, tromp te, tromp tromp te, tromp te,



nev - er — know re - treat.
held its — Kop' - ach time.

So when you see them swing a - long the
So when Lord "Bobs" and Kit - chen - er had

Pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

street, planned For sake of fair - er laws, the foe to
At Paar - de - berg and Klip - art farm, my

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

meet, man Oh! then let the mus - ic play full
'nd need - ed men in face of death to

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

grand stand For the whelps of our Ca - nad - ian
C'nad - ian boys they set to lead the

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

landi van. And so they sail a - way, To fight in
For they can shoot and ride, And ev - 'ry.

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te,

Af - ri - cay, For Brit - ain's Em - pire wound - ed o'er the
- thing be - side That men should do, who hope to lead the

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp,

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te.

sea, van, And so they sail a-way, To join in
And as it is to-day So let it

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, potap.

tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp te, tromp.

blood-y fray, For our great Empire thron'd up-on the sea.
be al-way Ca-nad-ian boys be call'd to lead the van.

pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp, pomp.

SAW MY LEG OFF.

Andante.

1. Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, saw my leg off, short.

ff *Fine.*

Saw my leg off, saw my leg off, saw my leg off, short.

ff *D. C.*

2. Saw it on again, quick!

3. Chaw my ear off, short.

4. Hash for breakfast, hash for dinner, hash for supper, Hash!

MARCHING THRO' SACKVILLE.

Words by W. M. T.

Music by Henry C. Work.



1. Here we are a joi - ly crowd as ev - er don'd the gown,
 2. Phy - sics, La - tin, Trig, and Lo - gic, in them all we shine,
 3. These are bright and hap - py days; a - las! they go so fast,
 4. Then here's to *Al - ma Ma - ter*, that all of us hold dear;

Hope - ful for a fu - ture full of cre - dit and re - nown, If the Profs are ci - vil, and we
 We can "rush" a sim - ple maid - en, skil - ful - ly com - bine Du - ties at the 'White house' with Ba -
 Like a fai - ry vi - sion, melt and fade in - to the past; But a - way with sad - ness, we'll en -
 Praise it, love it, help it, boys, when we're no longer here, Rouse the thrills that now we feel, as

don't get tak - en down,
 ro - ko and co - sine,
 joy them to the last,
 loud we sing and cheer,

While we go marching thro' Sack - ville.

Chorus.

Soprano.

99

Alto.

Hur - rah! Hur-rah! for Sen - iors and for Profs; Hur - rah! Hur-rah! for

Tenor.

Bass.

The first system of the musical score. It includes vocal staves for Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass, along with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics for the first line are "Hur - rah! Hur-rah! for Sen - iors and for Profs; Hur - rah! Hur-rah! for". The piano part features a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Jun - iors and for Sophs; And we'll cheer for Fresh - ie, when to

The second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal and piano parts from the first system. The lyrics for the second line are "Jun - iors and for Sophs; And we'll cheer for Fresh - ie, when to". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady harmonic support.

us his cap he doffs, While we go march-ing thro' Sack - ville.

The third system of the musical score. It concludes the chorus with the final line of lyrics: "us his cap he doffs, While we go march-ing thro' Sack - ville." The vocal staves and piano accompaniment complete the musical phrase.

O VALLEYS FAIR.

Translated by Miss Lois Saunders.

Mendelssohn.

1. O val-leys fair, O moun-tains, O for-est green and free, To
 2. Deep in the woods 'tis writ-ten, A mes-sage stray and sweet, Of
 3. Soon to a far land journey-ing, A stran-ger I must go, And

you my joy, my sor-row, For rest we're wont to flee, With-
 no-ble love and ac-tion, For man and maid most meet, Oft
 on the world's broad high-way, Must watch the chang-ing show, But

out de-ceiv-ing lur-ing, Sweeps by the bu-sy world, Once
 have I heard that mes-sage, Have read its mean-ing right, And
 if a-mid life's tur-moil Thy spell has pow'r to hold, And

more, once more a-bove me, Be your green tent un-furl'd, Once
 found my life's e-nig-mas, Shine un-per-plex'd and bright, And
 raise my lone-ly spir-it, My heart shall ne'er grow old, And

more, once more, a - hove me, Be your green tent un - furl'd.
found my life's e - nig - mas, Shine un - per - plex'd and bright.
raise my lone - ly spir - it, My heart shall ne'er grow old.

JUANITA.

Sopr. Andante.

Alto. 1. Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon; Far o'er the
2. When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine a - gain, And day-light
Ten.
Bass. *mf*

mountain, Breaks the day too soon! In thy dark eye's splendor, Where the warm light
beam-ing Prove thy dreams are vain, Wilt thou not, re - lent-ing, For thine ab - sent

loves to dwell, Wea - ry looks, yet ten - der, Speak their fond fare - well! Ni - ta! Jua -
lov - er sigh, In thy heart con - sent - ing To a pray'r gone by? Ni - ta! Jua -
p slower *a tempo* *mf*

ni - ta! Ask thy soul if we should part! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta!
ni - ta! Let me linger by thy side! Ni - ta! Jua - ni - ta! Lean thou on my heart!
Be my own fair bride!
p tenderly, rit. *tenderly, rit.*

AULD LANG SYNE.

Words by Burns.

Moderato.

f. Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And nev - er brought to

p

min'? Should auld ac-quain-tance be for-got, And days o' lang syne.

Chorus.

For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne: We'll

tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

2. We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine,
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot,
Sin' auld lang syne. — *Chorus.*

3. We twa hae paidl't in the burn
Frae morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roard
Sin' auld lang syne. — *Chorus.*

4. And here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak' a right gude willy-waught
For auld lang syne. — *Chorus.*

5. And surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,
And surely I'll be mine!
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne. — *Chorus.*

NOT QUITE.

Sung to the tune "Auld Lang Syne."

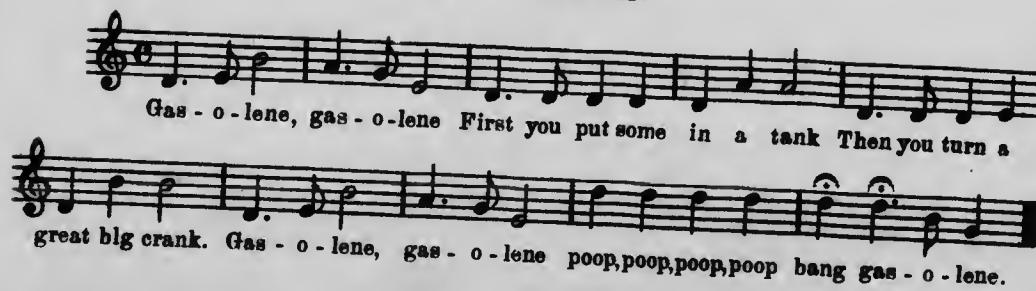
1. When I a chipper Freshman was,
A "verdant green" all right;
I thought to put on dignity,
But never did, not quite!
Then as a Sophomore I vowed
To exercise my right
And see if Freshmen could be cowed,
But never did, not quite!
Chorus. — So many things we all expect
Are never brought to light;
We wait for their fulfilment, but,
They never come, not quite.

2. In Junior year I fell in love,
Alack! my woeful plight!
I tried to make her love me too,
But never did, not quite.
In Senior year I vowed I'd be
A "Bach" just out of spite:
I've thought it over since, and so
I never will, not quite! — *Cho.*

3. At last they graduated me,
And tried with all their might
To make of me a dominie,
But never did, not quite!
Instead, I went upon the stage
And dreamed, to my delight,
That I would soon be all the rage! —
But never was, not quite. — *Cho.*

4. And once I thought I'd like to be
An Automobile
I thought I'd like it mightily,
But never did, not quite!
It threw me, bucked me, rended me —
They say I was a sight!
The doctor swears he mended me,
But never did, not quite! — *Cho.*

GASOLENE!



LADIES' COLLEGE

1854-1904

(Jubilee Song.)

Words by W. W. Andrews.

XVII. Century Melody.

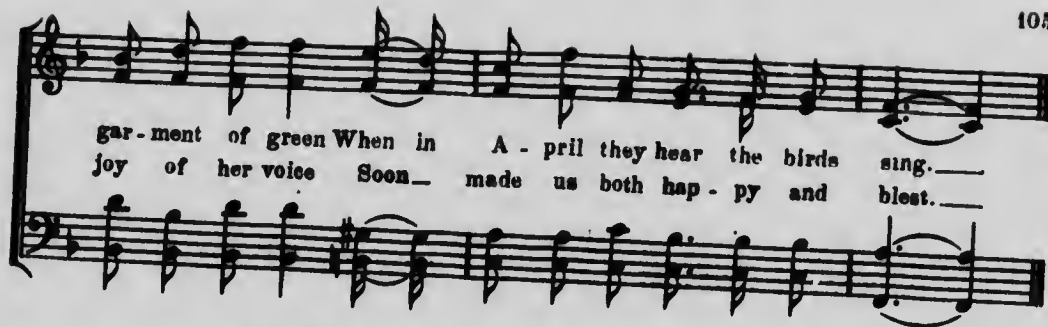
1. A - ju - bi - lee wel - come rings out on the air, As Mount
2. So - gra - ti - tude wakes to new life, and our hopes For Mount

Al - li - son greet - eth her guests, - Who - with mem - ries full and hearts
Al - li - son grow to the full, - As we vis - it a - gain her far -

ten - der yet Have - an - swer'd her cor - dial be - hests. - The
spread - ing halls, And as girls we re - turn to our school. - We

vines that have dropt their - leaves in the wind Wake a -
came to her doors while our home tears were wet, And like

gain in the warmth of the spring; - The - hill - sides long bare don a
or - phans we crept to our nest; - But the warmth of her life and the



3. Child of hope and of prayer, she stands like a queen
Proudly facing the morn and the sea;
Her makers of homes and her children of song
Leave her centres of gladness to be.
Her skilled in the beauty of art and of life
Are her gifts to the Church and our land,
And many a consecrate daughter and wife
On their souls bear the mark of her hand.

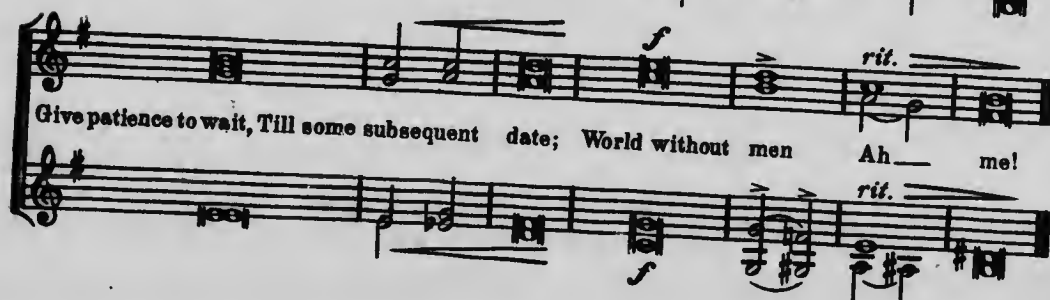
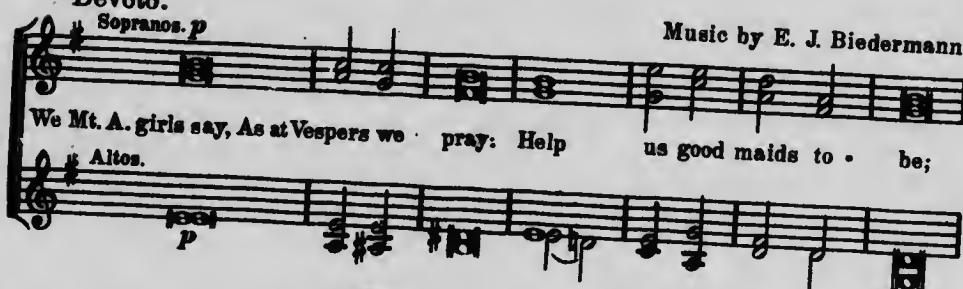
4. So great was her past, our hearts cling to it yet;
Her future, our children shall see;
And great were the hearts that planned her estate,
And great their reward proves to be.
For great is the love, and the pride, and the joy
In the hearts of her daughters, *we know*;
And great are the thoughts in her councils to-day
And great things from great hearts must flow.

A Mt. A. CHANT.

Devoto.

Sopranos. *p*

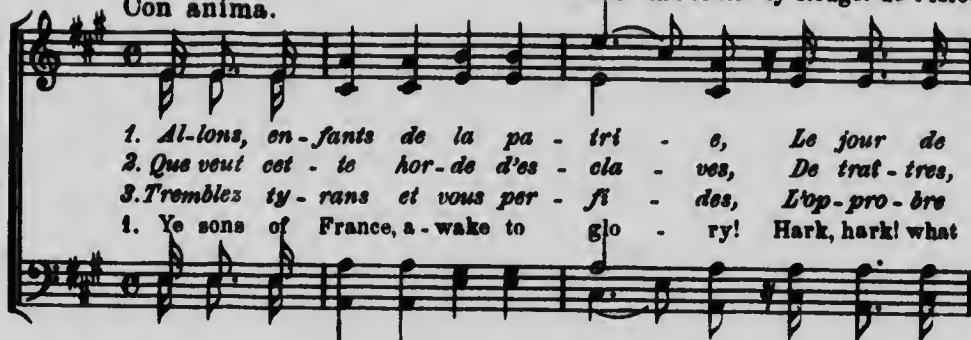
Music by E. J. Biedermann.



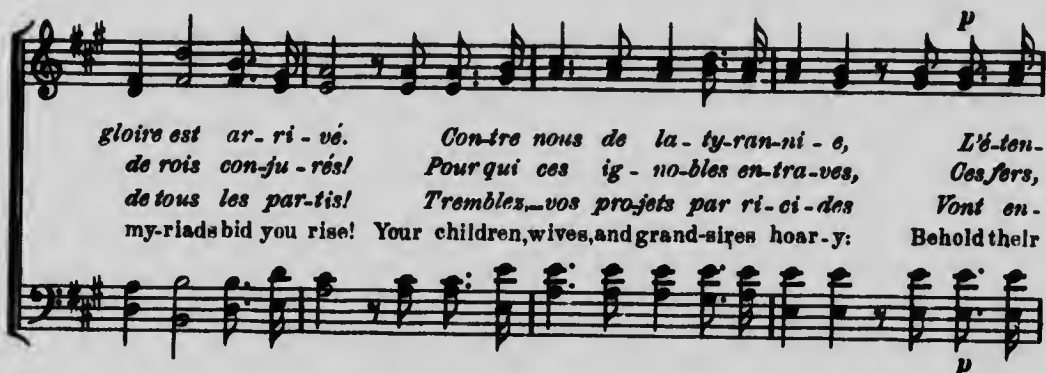
LA MARSEILLAISE.

Con anima.

Words and Music by Rouget de l'Isle.



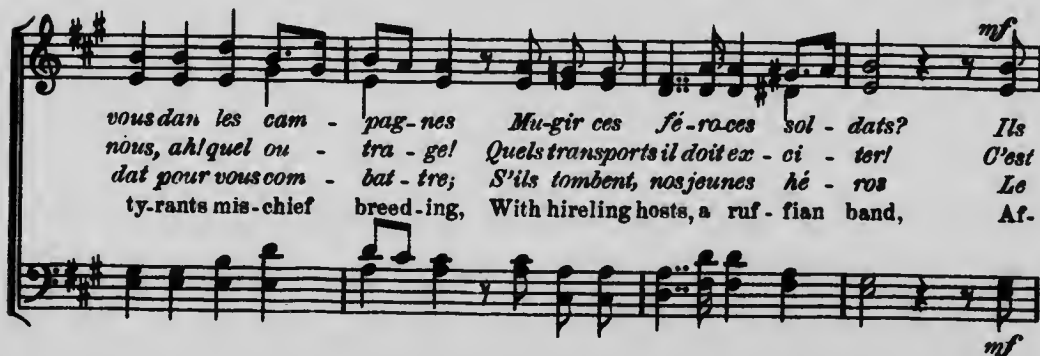
1. Al-lons, en-fants de la pa-tri-e, Le jour de
 2. Que veut cet-te hor-de d'es-cla-ves, De trat-tres,
 3. Tremblez ty-rans et vous per-fi-des, L'op-pro-bre
 1. Ye sons of France, a-wake to glo-ry! Hark, hark! what



gloire est ar-ri-vé. Con-tre nous de la-ty-ran-ni-e, L'é-ten-
 de rois con-ju-rés! Pour-quoi ces ig-no-bles en-tra-ves, Ces fers,
 de tous les par-tis! Tremblez, vos pro-jets par ri-ci-des Vont en-
 my-riads bid you rise! Your children, wives, and grand-sires hear-y: Behold their




dard sanglant est le-vé, L'é-ten-dard sanglant est le-vé, En-ten-des
 dès long-temps prépa-rés? Ces fers, dès long-temps pré-pa-rés? Français! pour
 fin re-ce-voir leur prix, Vont-en fin re-ce-voir leur prix. Tout est sol-
 tears, and hear their cries, Behold their tears and hear their cries! Shall hate-ful



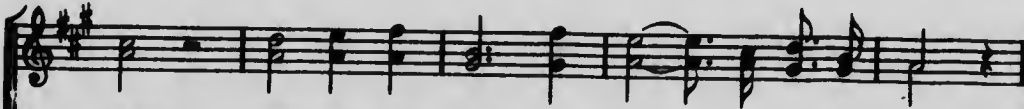
vous dan les cam-pag-nes Mu-gir ces fé-ra-cés sol-dats? Ils
 nous, ah! quel ou-tra-ge! Quels transports il doit ex-ci-ter! C'est
 dat pour vous com-bat-tre; S'ils tombent, nos jeunes hé-ros Le
 ty-rants mis-chief breed-ing, With hireling hosts, a ruf-fian band, At-




vien-nent, jusque dans nos bras, E-gorger nos-fils, nos com-pag-nes! } Aux
 nous qu'on o-se ma-na-cer- Derendre à l'an-tique es-cla-va-ge. } To
 terre en produit de nouveaux, Contre vous tous prêts à se battre.
 fright and de-so-late the land, While peace and li-ber-ty lie bleeding!



ar-mes, ci-toy-ens! For-mez, vos ba-tail-lons: Marchons, mar-
 arms, to arms, ye brave! Th'a-veng-ing sword un-sheathe! March on, march

chons! qu'un sang im-pur A breu-ve nos ail-lons.
 on! all hearts re-solved On vic-to-ry or death.



1. Français en guerriers magnanimes,
 Portes ou retenez vos coups;
 Epargnez ces tristes victimes,
 A regret s'armant contre nous;
 Mais les despote sanguinaire,
 Mais ces complices de Bouillé—
 Tous ces tigres qui sans pitié
 Déchirent le sein de leurs mères.
 Aux armes, etc.

5. Amour sacré de la patrie,
 Conduis, soutiens nos bras vengeurs.
 Liberté, Liberté chérie,
 Combats avec tes défenseurs;
 Sous nos drapeaux que la victoire
 Accoure à tes mâles accents,
 Que tes ennemis expirants,
 Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire.
 Aux armes, etc.

2. With luxury and pride surrounded,
 The vile, insatiate despots dare,
 Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
 To mete and vend the air.
 Like beasts of burden would they load us
 Like gods would bid their slaves adore
 But man is man— and who is more?
 Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
 To arms, etc.

3. Oh liberty! can man resign thee,
 Once having felt thy generous flame?
 Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
 Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
 Too long the world has wept, bewailing
 That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield
 But freedom is our sword and shield,
 And all their arts are unavailing.
 To arms, etc.

THE MAPLE LEAF FOR EVER.

Con spirito.

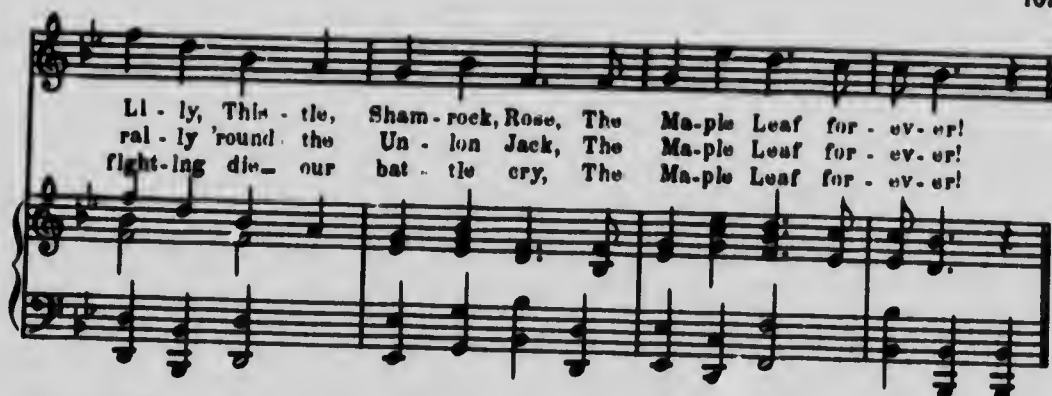
Alexander Muir, B. A.

1. In
2. On
3. In

days of yore, the he-ro Wolfe Bri-tain's gio-ry did main-tain, And
ma-ny hard fought bat-tle fields, Our brave fa-thers, side by side, For
Au-tumntime, our em-biem dear, Dons its tints of Crim-son hue; Our

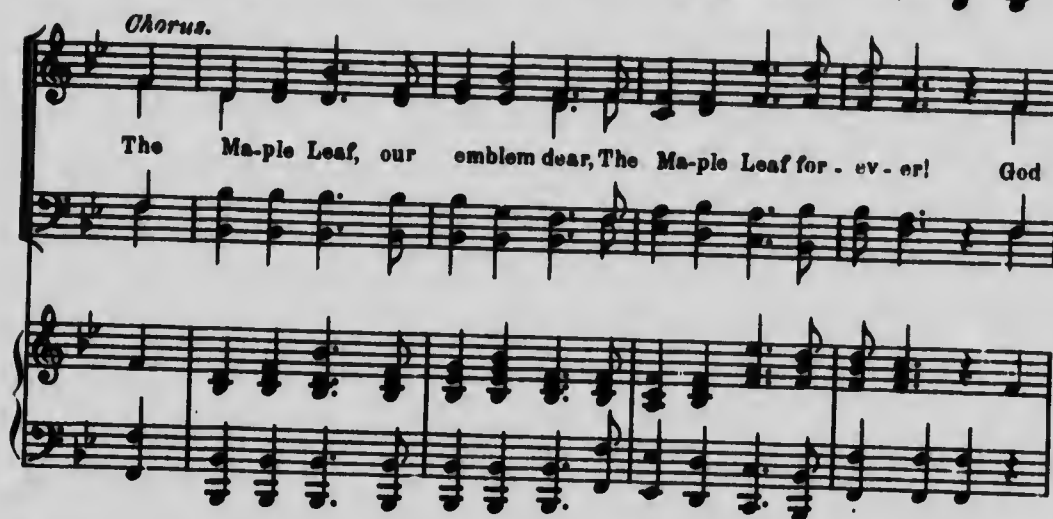
plant-ed firm Bri-tan-nia's flag On Ca-na-da's fair-do-main, Here
free-dom, homes and loved ones dear, Firmly stood and no-bly died; And
blood would dye a deep-er red, Shed, dear Ca-na-da for you! Ere

may it wave, our boast, our pride, And join in love to-geth-er With
those dear rights, which they main-tained, We swear to yield them nev-er! We'll
Sa-cred rights our fa-thers won To foe-men we de-liv-er, We'll



Li - ly, This - tle, Sham - rock, Rose, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
 ral - ly 'round the Un - ion Jack, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!
 flight - ing die - our bat - tle cry, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

Chorus.



The Ma - ple Leaf, our emblem dear, The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er! God



save our King, and Heav - en bless The Ma - ple Leaf for - ev - er!

4. God bless our loved Canadian homes,
 Our Dominion's vast domain;
 May plenty ever be our lot,
 And peace hold an endless reign;
 Our Union bound by ties of love,
 That discord cannot sever,
 And flourish green o'er Freedom's home
 The Maple Leaf forever. — *Chorus.*

5. On Merry England's far famed land,
 May kind Heaven sweetly smile;
 God bless Old Scotland evermore,
 And Ireland's emerald Isle!
 Then swell the song, both loud and long,
 Till rocks and forests quiver;
 God save our King and Heaven bless
 The Maple Leaf forever. — *Chorus.*

1 - 2 - 3

Yah! Yah! Yah!

A - L - L - I - S - O - N

Rah! Rah! Rah!

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